

## Calgary Branch U. of A. Enthusiastic

### Proclamation

To All Whom It May Concern

WHEREAS the constellations are moving towards the propitious arc of this mortal coil, and whereas under which are the time will soon be most favorable for following the traditions and customs of Waw-Waw:

THEREFORE, be it known that the Minister of Feminine Affairs doth hereby make notice that in this month of November, Friday, the 16th, and Saturday, the 17th, shall be proclaimed as Waw-Waw Day, and that up to and including midnight (23:59 hrs.) of that auspicious day, no mere male shall dare to dominate or date any or all members of the female species.

It shall be woman's prerogative, irrespective of age, personal attributes, sex appeal, pecuniary endowments or any mechanical conveyance, to draw a bead on some gorgeous or otherwise hunk of man, and thereupon pursue, phone, "coke," and indulge in the terpsichorean arts; upon conclusion of which she must deliver said gallant to his own bailiwick, domicile, or establishment, not omitting to plant a soul-satisfying peck on his handsome beak.

And further take note, all ye who hope to lure some elusive collegian with your wiles and charms:

1. The law demands ye shall in no wise make yourself known by the telephone other than by the veiled name of Waw-Waw.

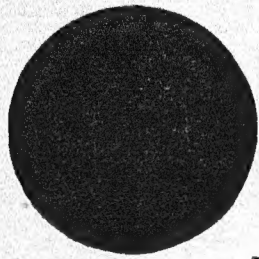
2. It shall be illegal and a violation of the majestic rites of Waw-Waw to in any wise subject your male to any pecuniary obligations (in other words, you pay the bill).

3. It shall be your solemn duty and sole responsibility by all manner of means to create and inspire in his manly breast such a tumultuous pounding that his cries of joy outcry those of other guys.

4. It is hereby decreed that no man shall accept more than one date for any one of the functions to be arranged.

In consideration whereof, all gals and guys as of this date shall commence casting speculative glances and strutting their finest feathers, so that all shall partake of the festivities of Waw-Waw Day.

In witness whereof, I, Donald Murdoch McDonald, Minister of Feminine Affairs, have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal.



DONALD MURDOCH McDONALD.

Signed, published and declared by the aforesaid in the presence of us, all present at the same time and in his presence and in the presence of each other, and who at his request have hereunto subscribed our names:

DAISY,  
JOE,  
HAMFAT.

## Calhoun Will Address Philosophers on Humanities

Is Calgary Librarian

On Wednesday, November 14, the Philosophical Society will present Mr. Alexander Calhoun, the Librarian of the Calgary Public Library. Mr. Calhoun's topic is Education in a Free Society, in which he will emphasize the importance of the Humanities in education. When interviewed, Professor Stewart, president of the Philosophical Society, said that this address will be topical in nature, as lately the Humanities have been overshadowed by the Applied Science subjects, especially during the war. As Mr. Calhoun is not connected with the University, he is expected to give a fresh viewpoint on the subject. It should be of interest to Education students especially.

Mr. Calhoun took Honors Classics at Queen's, and was a classmate of Dr. MacEachern, Hon. President of the Philosophical Society. He graduated in 1901, and instructed at the University for some time. He took a Librarian's course, and came to Calgary where he opened the public library over thirty years ago. The public library has served as an intellectual centre for Calgary, and has performed valuable service as such in the absence of a university. Mr. Calhoun is a well-known public speaker, and is the first of a series from Calgary. The next one will be Mr. D. W. Clapperton, counsel for the C.P.R.

Mr. Calhoun will be introduced by Professor Stewart. The meeting is in Med. 142 at 8:15.

### CURMA MEETING

A CURMA meeting will be held on Tuesday, Nov. 13th, at 4:00 p.m., in Med. 158.

It is expected that Captain Harper Prowse, M.L.A., will address the meeting.

Note: The business part of the meeting will be held to fifteen minutes.

Everybody out!

### LOST

Navy Pencil Case, containing pen, keys, purse, etc. B. Moore, 32220.

### Nov. 23rd, 24th For Interyears

Mark 25th Anniversary

The year 1945 marks the 25th anniversary of the Drama Club. This year the plays are to be presented on the 23rd and 24th of November.

The casts in the various plays have been finally decided upon, and they are off to a gruelling three weeks of rehearsals. The Freshman play, "The Jack and the Joker," is directed by Jean Ferry. It deals with early newspaper life in this province—they are selling Calgary lots as far north as Red Deer. The cast includes: Dorothy Williams, female lead; Emery Gruninger, male lead; Raymond Ferguson, Theresa Leconte, Gordon Peacock, Phyllis McLean and Pat Burns. The Sophomore play this year is "Johnny Dunn." It is directed by Alwyn Scott, with Betty Palate for assistant director. The cast, though incomplete, includes Lois Neilson, female lead; Charles Petrie, male lead; and Pat Jovine and Celia Cockeram. The theme of the story centres around the "Biggest liar in Alberta."

The Junior play, "Into Thy Kingdom," is being directed by Maurice Freehill with Elfrida Milbradt as assistant director. It is a story which takes place in Biblical times. The cast includes Orene Ross, female lead; Peter Petrachuk, male lead; also Dorothy Newton, Alta Mitchell, Albert Urschel, Bert Loree.

Barbara Fish is the director of this year's Senior play, "Three Hundredth Performance." It is a "psychological drama, taking place in a modern living room." In the cast are Dorothy Ward, female lead; Irving Lerner, male lead, along with Boyne Johnston and Stan Sawicki. Miss Fish's assistant director will be Marguerite Fitzsimmons.

Every bit as important as the cast themselves are the unseen workers without whom production would be impossible. Among these are: Olga Hallina, costume mistress; Cecile Shaw, the property mistress; Wendy Teviotdale, backstage manager; and Alwyn Scott, the president of the Makeup Club. Working with the above mentioned names will be their various committee members. Assisting with the costumes will be Pat Jevne, Lou Downing, Doris Campbell, Jerry Snow, Mary Sheahan and Ellen Mortimer. The entire Makeup Club will be on hand to see to the makeup requirements. Jim Barton will be in charge of the lighting.

Of interest to students is the fact that the Drama Club will be presenting half-hour plays every second Monday over CKUA, beginning on November 12. Tune in Mondays at 7:30 for a half-hour's entertainment.

Club members note with interest that guest speakers will be heard more often. Lon McAllister spoke on October 30. He will be followed by Edmonton's own famous playwright, Gwen Pharis Ringwood. Mrs. Ringwood will address the club on November 7, after a topic dealing with "Stage Productions."

Furthermore, a start has been made regarding Intervarsity drama competitions. Both U.B.C. and U. of S. approve of the "Drama Festival" idea. The plan is waiting for official approval, and is as yet in the formative stage.

As a fitting way of celebrating its 25th anniversary, the Drama Club this year has become a regular beehive of industry, and appears to be one of the strongest clubs on the campus.

### UNIVERSITY PROGRAMS

November 12—7:45—Chimney Corner: reader, Prof. F. M. Salter, Dept. of English.

8:45—Varsity Varieties.

November 13—

7:45—Curtain Going Up: Mr. Sydney Risk, Dept. of Fine Arts.

8:30—Campus Musicals: Miss Mabel Powell, contralto, and Miss Marie Weir, pianist.

8:45—Behind the Headlines: Miss Nancy Davis, "The Search for the Japanese Liberal."

9:00—Citizens' Forum, CBC.

November 14—

7:45—Books at Random: Miss Marjorie Sherlock, Librarian.

8:45—Education for Tomorrow: Dr. M. E. LaZerte, Dean, Faculty of Education, "Today's Trends in Canadian Education."

November 15—

8:45—World of Science: Dr. O. J. Walker, "Chemists in Warfare."

9:00—Drama, CBC.

November 16—

7:45—Chimney Corner: Miss Zella Oliver, Faculty of Education.

8:45—Alberta Stories: Mr. Philip Godsell, Director, Local Folklore and History Project, "The Law Goes North."

Students, if you are free from classes at 1:00 o'clock any afternoon from Monday to Friday, and within reach of a radio, tune in to CKUA for an hour of recorded good music in "The Music Lover's Corner."

And remember, at 7:00 too, each week-day evening, the Musical Hour brings you the very best in recorded classical music. Keep these two hours in mind—1:00 and 7:00 o'clock each day, Monday through Friday.

### BACK FROM CALGARY



KAY PIERCE

### B.C. Establish Medical School; Get Govt. Grant

Vancouver, Oct. 26 (CUP).—Secretary Pat Fowler of the Munro Pre-Med Society had good news for University of British Columbia students: of the five million dollar government grant, U.B.C. has appropriated almost two million dollars to the establishment of a school of medicine. It is expected to be open for the 1947 session.

In an address to the newly formed Pre-medical Undergraduate Society, President N. A. M. MacKenzie stated: "I and my colleagues will do everything in our power to provide facilities for as much of a medical faculty in 1946 as possible." Stressing the fact that Vancouver and the lower mainland possessed ideal conditions for the training of prospective medics, he said further: "Vancouver is the second largest concentration of English speaking peoples in Canada, and is also a growing seaport. The Vancouver General Hospital, largest in Canada, can provide the clinical facilities necessary."

### Frosh Election November 16; Interest High

Feeling in freshman circles is running high. After being told by upperclass men since registration week that they were greenhorns and didn't rate, they now intend to prove they do. Freshman elections take place Friday, Nov. 16, and plans are being made for an all-out, bang-up campaign to surpass the lukewarm upperclass elections staged last month.

Nominations must be in the Students' Union office by noon Tuesday, Nov. 13th. Nominations must be signed by the nominee and nine other frosh.

On election day, Friday, Nov. 16, freshmen must produce Campus "A" cards in order to be allowed to vote. Voting polls will be set up in the Men's Common Room in the Arts Building.

Offices to be filled are those of president, vice-president, secretary-treasurer, three executive.

### LOST

One Fawn Gaberdine Coat, third floor Arts. Finder contact George Evanoff. Reward!

### Faculty of Agriculture Wins Trophy For Best Football Float

The Faculty of Agriculture walked off with the big "Cup" which was presented by Ron Helmer to the prize-winning float in Saturday's parade. Actually, the Ags presented a number of good floats decked out in great variety, so well-earned the valuable prize. As the parade went careening past, a milking machine, bundles of hay, something that looked like a combine-harrow-bennett buggy and what-have-you rolled along, and turned out to be the work of the ingenious Ags.

The House Ecce's float was quite an eye-filling sight, gay in crepe paper, chef hats and cooking utensils.

Rows of molar, kegs and cases of beer, a doll held aloft, the solution to CURMA housing (a bit cramped), the dog-on-the-running-board, clouds of smoke (Chems), a hill-billy re-venuer, motorized surf-board, the hanging man, the special "support" (pre-war style) for the Huskies, the I'm-sure-he-was-dead patient, and Gainsborough's original of Mickey Hajash, all strung out to make the big parade a really colorful and enjoyable sight.

Mary Oestrich and the 1890's school kids were dead ringers for Grandma. P.S.—The freckles are

## Report on Southern Meeting Indicates Willingness Join Gateway, Yearbook

### S.C.M. Announce Drastic Changes In Organization

New Schedule

The executive of the S.C.M. wishes to announce that a complete change in organization of the S.C.M. is being carried out with a view to increasing its effectiveness on the campus.

In order to integrate its activities and save students' time, a new schedule of activities is being drawn up. Henceforth S.C.M. activities will be concentrated on Thursday nights at St. Stephen's College. From 7:00 to 8:00 p.m. the study groups will meet. After the study groups there will be a general meeting of the entire S.C.M. body. This general meeting will take various forms. Part of it will be a business meeting to acquaint the membership with new problems and issues as they arise. Following the business meeting will be a program, in charge of the program committee, featuring speakers on some occasions, panel discussions on others, and open forums to give students a chance to express personal opinions.

A membership drive is under way to ascertain the total number of students interested and to assure the speaker and program committee of an audience that is large enough to be worth while.

The new organization will swing into action with the first S.C.M. night on Thursday, Nov. 15, in St. Stephen's College at 7 o'clock. Study groups already functioning are "Toward an Intelligent Christian Belief" with Dr. Thompson in charge, and "Jesus as Teacher" with Dr. Sheldon in charge.

The general meeting will hear Dr. A. J. Cook deal with "The Limitations of Quantitative Thinking." Dr. Cook will show how a purely scientific approach and explanation is somehow not quite adequate in meeting with the social problems of today. Opportunity will be offered for questions and discussions.

### Aggies Trophy Stolen At Game

By Lorraine Skeith

Only a few facts are known regarding the loss of the loving-cup won fair and square by the Aggie delegation to the Saturday football game. It is known that it was presented by President Ron Helmer to the victors on the playing field at Clarke Stadium. As Aggie President Bud McGinnis announced to the breathless, inquiring circles of Press representatives, "We cannot deny that we've had it."

Herewith follows a description of the trophy: acule loving-cup mounted on an ebony base; one handle missing, even as early as the time of presentation. The cup may be said to have a distinctive bowl shape, tending to a flat bottom. The color was unusual and unmistakable, a baby blue. The outer surface was trimmed with delcomanias in the design of dancing bears, each following the other, nose to tail, around the outside. It is deeply hoped by the despoiled that the cup is receiving good care in the hands of the new owners in order that the one remaining handle be not broken off like the first. Whatever one may say about the carelessness of the winners in losing a trophy so quickly, one must admit that they are united

At the Students' Council meeting held Wednesday evening in the Senate Chamber, Vice-President Kay Pierce gave a report on her visit to Calgary where she met with the student representatives of the University of Alberta Education Faculty branch there. The Calgary students are very enthusiastic about being a part of the University constitution, and have expressed their willingness to co-operate, in so far as distance will permit. An editor and staff have been set up to collect, write and prepare news to be sent in to The Gateway. In return, they will receive copies each week.

Council was informed at the meeting that the Calgary students are also in favor of being included in the Evergreen and Gold Yearbook. Their response to all suggestions and discussions was reported as very favorable.

Council here has approved the setting up of a Liaison Committee, consisting of Kay Pierce, a Gateway representative and an Evergreen and Gold representative to keep in touch with student officials on the U. of A. campus in Calgary. It was suggested that copies of Council minutes be exchanged between Calgary and Edmonton student officials.

Council approved the sending of a letter to Calgary to offer an official welcome from the student body here.

### Helmer to McGill

Ron Helmer, President of the Council, was appointed by the Union members to represent the U. of A. at the N.F.C.U.S. Conference at McGill during the Christmas holidays.

Council appointed a cafeteria committee, or actually an advisory group, consisting of Chairman Don Matthews, Elfrida Milbradt and Ted Baugh, who will present student complaints and suggestions to Clem King and Ron Helmer.

The formation of a University orchestra under the direction of Professor Reymes-King was approved by Council, and recognition of this organization as a part of the Musical Association was moved by Council. The orchestra budget will be presented soon.

Jack Coldwell, Education representative, suggested that the Education Building receive the same attention as other buildings on the campus so that the students will not miss out on campus activities because of the isolation of that building. Gateway and club notice distribution were stressed.

### Memorial Discussed

As information has not yet been submitted in full to the War Memorial, briefs on that topic will be presented at the next meeting of Council, three weeks hence.

A high school student, Al Batchelor, will be paid \$10 on Council approval for services offered this fall as Central Check man.

Council voiced its approval to Jack Pritchard's suggestion that the Arts Faculty, which he represents, should co-ordinate into an Arts Faculty Club to build up a little faculty spirit and activity. This is practically a necessity, because the Arts Faculty is such a large, unwieldy body whose views to date have been difficult to determine simply because of the lack of unity.

Before Council adjourned, Ty Hoffman, Agriculture representative, asked that the twenty rehabilitation students who have just arrived on the campus to take a special course in dairying be included in campus activities, and received President Ron Helmer's offer to make an immediate study of their situation and so to give them every consideration.

now in desiring the best for the cup. Much as they would like to hold the cup once more, their spirit is not selfish.

Witnesses become confused when describing what actually happened. It is said that a mass of big, burly bodies surrounded the lone guardian of the precious package, wheeled it out of him, hastily improvised a bucket brigade, and snappily passed the stolen article from hand to hand to the top of the grandstand. Here the stories become clouded.

It was dropped down to a lone accomplice outside the stands, who fielded it neatly? Or was the strong-arm squad thoughtful enough to provide a circle of visiting firemen, won over by the workings of mob enthusiasm, to catch the thing as it dropped? One feels that the Mayor would hurry to deny the latter theory. Yet it is certain that it was whisked away in a car which had been waiting with idling engine. Where did the car go? Nobody knows; cars can be lost so quickly when one is on foot.

Where is the cup now? Has some child been presented with it, that he may use it for a plaything? So deep is the mystery that wild guesses are in order; perhaps even now it graces the mantelpiece of some far-off miner in St. Joe's.

Every loyal student of our University should take it upon himself to do all he can to help the angry Aggies; he should carry to them any rumors which may serve as a foundation for investigation; above all, he must show them he sympathizes in this, their time of need. Thus may the Aggies learn the school is behind them.

### Debating Club Hear Speakers On Fate Of Zion

On Nov. 1 the Debating and Public Speaking Clubs had as guest speakers Mr. L. Pekarski, an Edmonton lawyer, and Mr. Shacker, former mayor of Hanna. Speaking to a capacity audience in the Med amphitheatre, they presented their opposing views re the Palestine Question. Neville Lindsay, the chairman, requested members of the audience to direct questions to the speakers, which they would in their addresses attempt to answer. The theme of the addresses hinged on the question: Is Palestine the rightful home of the Jews?

### Is U. of A. Graduate

Mr. Pekarski, a U. of A. graduate who is now practising law in Edmonton, and who visited Europe and Palestine in 1935, presented the Jewish side of the question. He outlined briefly the history of the Jewish people, holding up the Golden Era wherein Jew and Arab lived peacefully side by side, as an example for the future. He stated that such an objective could be achieved if outside intervention ceased—"for the Jews and the Arabs have a common future." Stating that Jewish aspirations during the major part of history have been beneficial to both Jews and Arabs alike, Mr. Pekarski went on to say that, given the chance, the Jews would utilize the 13,000,000 duodenum of waste land in Southern Palestine.

He pointed out that in 1921 Palestine was made a British mandate with neither the Jewish interest nor the Arabian interest predominating. He especially stressed the Balfour Declaration, saying that, while not denying the rights of others in Palestine, it favored the Zionist cause. In commenting on the Arabian side, he maintained that even the more educated Arabians sympathized with the Zionists.

### Arabs Break Agreements

"The Arabs are lying in the face of all agreements in claiming Palestine," he said. He referred especially to Article 4 and 6 in the terms of the Peace Conference, which deal with assisting in the establishment of Jews, saying that today's events were "a breach of trust and a breaking of solemn obligation."

The second speaker, Mr. Shacker, who was born in Lebanon, and who has been in Canada for 41 years, discussed the Arabian side of the question. His central theme was that the Zionists desired to create a sovereign state in Palestine, not taking into consideration the Arabs. He, too, maintained that Jews and Arabs could live side by side in peace. In referring to the Balfour Declaration, Mr. Shacker stated that it was more sentimental than practical, that it was not made public till one year later, that it was an insult to Palestine, adding, "Let us not build aims on sentimental reasons; let us not wish the Jews on any one nation."

### Jews Not Farmers

Contradicting Mr. Pekarski, Mr. Shacker said that "the Jews never were and never will be farmers," mentioning that at present, figures show the majority of Jews in Palestine to be living in cities. Mr. Shacker repeated his belief that the Jews are entitled to a home, and that the Arabs would welcome Jews who had no thought of a sovereign state. He called those people who were asking the British Government to declare Palestine open to the Zionists, hypocrites, for these same people were closing their own doors to the Jews.

After the speakers had concluded, the chairman threw the meeting open to discussion. The ensuing questions, answers and resulting attitudes grew so out of hand as to lead Mr. Pekarski to plead for order, saying, "Gentlemen, please, after all we are not going to decide the issue here tonight."

Guest speakers, their friends and members of the clubs went to St. Joseph's College library for refreshments following the meeting.

### FOUND

Fountain Pen, after rugby game on Saturday, between Drug Store and Tuck Shop. Apply at Switchboard in General Office.







## Waw-Waw Weekend Declared; Open Season on all Males

Girls Take Over Dating Next Friday and Saturday

Daisy Maes, get ready, set and go. Waw-Waw Weekend has been declared. The official opening date has been set for November 16. Oh, happy day! Under the direction of Bud McDonald, plans are going ahead quickly for a program of events. This includes:

**Friday**—Tuck day. Cokes or coffee will be the order of the day (unless some cruel males decide to collect a few debts). In the evening a theatre party will be held at the Garneau. Some of the clubs will put on their annual Waw-Waw skits and other diversified entertainment.

**Saturday**—A surprise package has been planned for the afternoon. I won't tell what it is, but I know, and it's going to be fun. In the evening the House Dance will be turned over to the Daisy Maes, and are we ever going to take advantage of the fact. As the old saying goes, "Opportunity knocks but once a year—Waw-Waw Weekend."

Oh, man! Here, here. What am I saying? I mean, OH-H-H MEN! My days of seclusion are over, I'm going to ask each one of my dream men for a date. They may not all know me now, but they're sure going to know me after this—my one and only chance. Don't let anyone in on this, but I'm practising up on the sly. Every morning I sneak out into the cold, grey dawn and run around Pembina five times. Another week of this, and there won't be a man on the campus who will be able to escape my clutches. Am I going to have fun.

Does this sound wolfish? Don't be silly. It's just a female taking advantage of a marvellous opportunity. We'll show these slow men-folk just how the world would be run if it was turned over to female hands. Just watch our smoke on Waw-Waw Weekend! And I'd advise all L'il Abners to try something better than leaving receivers off hooks and barricading doors. We Daisy Maes are pretty determined. Even Ole Man Maes won't do any good this time.

But don't run too hard. Remember, there's a so-called woman shortage this year (personally, I haven't run across it, but who am I to argue with statistics?). So we'll be seeing you, men. Remember, "Ready or not, you must be caught"—and we're the ones to catch you.

## First Prom Date Set For Dec. 1

The newly-elected Junior Class executive, consisting of President Wilf Ryan, Vice-Pres. Marg Lipsey, Secretary Harold Shannon, and executive members Nan McQueen, Alex Weber and Jack Randle, has announced plans for the Junior Prom. The dance, sponsored every year by the Junior Class, will take place Saturday, December 1, in the I.T.S. Drill Hall. Tickets will be \$1.50 per couple, and dress will be semi-formal. Once again, corsages will be taboo. Since this is the first class dance of the season, it should be one of the best, so watch the next Gateway for more details.

Her—I suppose all geniuses are conceited?  
He—Some of them—but I'm not.

## Sleigh Ride Held By Outdoor Club

The snow, ice and cold weather that have apparently come to stay for a few months may be unwelcome to many, but to the Outdoor Club they mean the beginning of winter activities.

Last Friday evening about seventy hardy individuals pulled on their warmest clothes and gathered in front of the Tuck Shop for the first sleigh ride of the season. The sleighs drew up, everyone climbed aboard, and so began a tour of University and Saskatchewan drives and the vicinity of the campus. Of course, no one goes on a sleighride expecting or intending to ride all the way, and so after the sleighs left the pavement the riders, in accordance with tradition, began falling off, running behind and (if they were fortunate) climbing on again.

After two hours of such strenuous activities, the sleighs stopped at the top of the ski hill, and everyone made their way to the cabin to relax, thaw out and enjoy a sing-song around the fireplace. A promising aroma of hot coffee coming from the kitchen added to the atmosphere, and the evening ended with a lunch that satisfied eager appetites.

## Next House Dance Saturday Night

The Drill Hall will again be the scene of a house dance Saturday evening, sponsored by the house committee under the chairmanship of Paul McConnell.

Exceptionally good crowds have turned out for the first two house dances so far this term, and there doesn't seem to be any reason why the standard should not be kept up. The time is 8:30, the date Saturday evening, Nov. 10; admission, per usual; and the crowd—should—be—good.

### JOKE!

I hate the guys who criticize and minimize the other guys. Whose enterprise Has made them rise Above the guys Who criticize.

Father—My boy, I never kissed a girl until I met your mother. Will you be able to say the same thing to your son?  
Son—Yes, but not with such a straight face.

## These Dresses Give a Smart, Casual Effect, on and off the Campus



Left to Right: Rayon Dance Dress, Wool daytime Frock, Jersey Skirt and top

Fine fabrics, fresh young colors, good lines, and clever style tricks are fashion headlines this season, and all four points are displayed in these clothes, designed for the young college girl, to give that casual, smart look.

If you rate an invite to the junior prom or the med ball (both coming up in November), the pale green dress at left should be just about right. It is made of faille rayon and has a long full skirt topped with a sweater-knit bodice studded with sparkling embroidered birds. The short faille jacket is also embroidered.

Centre is a useful informal date or tea-time dress of spun rayon and wool. It has an intriguing cape-shoulder line and concealed front buttoning in the skirt. The sports ensemble at right consists of a plain jersey skirt with front fullness and side pockets and a pirate-striped, short-sleeved shirt, both made of tow rayon blended with wool.

## CONCERNING CLOTHES

By Frances Kitchen

There are some girls who revel in dramatics, others are typical sport fiends, while the rest are interested in a little bit of everything. But all have a common bond—clothes! What girl can ever miss an opportunity to glance over the array of fascinating new shoes, heels in or heels out, in a downtown window or to stand in awed silence while looking at that stunning black suit with the "cape" sleeves. No, girls will be girls—they just can't resist clothes. So mothers, have patience when the young daughter yells at the top of her soprano voice, "What'll I put on today?" or "I haven't a thing to wear!" You see, it makes all the difference in the world if you feel well-dressed. Happiness reigns supreme and life is beautiful—but think what may happen if you don't feel this way.

Today's Campus Girl has already made a plan for her clothes during this semester, and the plan is being carefully followed right down to the last detail. Shirts and sweaters are a must. Colors are chosen so that one may change combinations at a moment's notice and thus increase the wardrobe. This year plaids are the rage. One smart-appearing girl came out on the campus recently wearing a bi-colored shirt—Douglas Tartan (blue, black and green squares outlined with thin streaks of white), topped with a soft white wool sweater. American magazines are reporting of the "white collar" idea. Detachable collars of white pique, linen, or cotton are sold along with the sweaters and campus specialty shops are stocking up. The demand for really long sweaters is still very great, plus the new raglan sleeve and shoulder yoke appeal. Unusual colors are becoming much more common now that civilians are getting some attention from the manufacturers. Incidentally, how do you like "shocking pink"? This seems to be a color with a future, and certainly would be attractive for the new sweater to go with that shepherd plaid skirt.

### New Features in Suits

Did you know that a smart suit builds up a broken down morale remarkably quickly? A lovely one of luggage tan gabardine with fresh green accessories breezed through the Arts Building rotunda the other day, and everyone in range was lifted up a notch. The two-toned effect is quite the thing this season, and we guarantee a stunning result. The old question, "Who's got the button?" has been changed to "Where did you get all those buttons?" and thus we have a key to finding something different in trimmings. Last week a display window in a specialty shop featured a tailored black suit literally covered with buttons—down the sleeves, across the pockets and around the collar. Again, you just couldn't go wrong with plaid, and one of these days you're going to see plaid shoes advertised to match any suit you own.

Corduroy is better than ever. It's being used for bedspreads, draperies, upholstery fabric—oh yes, and also dresses. A two-piece of victory red should certainly be a knocker outer. Of course, few college girls neglect to have a wool dress in their collection. Now, here is where color really counts. We're only young once, so let's make the best of it.

Lime and blue, maroon and gold, orange and blue, brown and green—all fascinating combinations that will put you alongside Rosalind Russell any time. A lime green wool jersey with black dragon motif, high Chinese neckline and side buttons seems to answer well to a maiden's prayer. But while we're in the dress section we must not overlook that black number to be worn on that very special date. The neckline might feature a key-hole opening on the ever popular V-type; the wing sleeve and a smartly draped skirt. Sequins are definitely in. They bring a certain flash to your costume which is so important—for whether you use sequins, nailheads, beads, gold or silver clothes, you must have glitter. If you would like a little color on your "out of this world creation," try apricot. What, we have no plaid dress? Come now, you know what we said. Complete your costume with an adorable little plaid hat and matching handbag, and be a real little Scotch lassie.

### For That Prom Date

An evening dress is something to be chosen very carefully. One doesn't usually have a chance for too great a surplus, consequently this is one item to which we must give some concentrated thought. White is still popular, but the tendency seems to be getting more and more towards color. Remember, that graduation dress is coming up! Perhaps you are tired of pinks and blues, but did you know that these are favorite colors of the opposite sex, and our motto is "We aim to please." Most men buy pink roses for your corsage—that is proof in itself. However, if you're still not convinced, try a rustling taffeta of some brilliant autumn color—or if Dad has not become too Scotch at this point, you know what we said about plaids!

University girls of today will soon be the business women of tomorrow, and thus will be in the running for the Best Dressed Women of Canada. Ridiculous? No, far from it. The Campus Girl is very interested in dressing carefully and with discretion; certainly she is not going to change overnight and become the Vera of tomorrow. The old adage, "Fine feathers make fine birds," is not true if the feathers are overdone, but it is true if they are carefully planned and carefully chosen. "Fine Birds" are then inevitable. However, everyone knows that the girls of the University of Alberta are Fine Birds already.

### PRICES SEASON SKATING

Tickets will be on sale for season's skating at the University covered rink on Saturday morning in the Arts Rotunda. The following are the prices:

Campus "A" Cards	\$1.00
High School Cards, or Ever-green and Gold Cards	1.50
Alumnae	2.00
Others	3.00

MIKE BEVAN,  
Manager.

### LOST

One Campus "A" Card at the rugby game. M. Fitzsimmons, Phone 33414.

## Wauneita Men Set New Styles

NOTE: In last week's edition of The Gateway, in reporting the much-discussed Wauneita dance, it was stated that the men "wore the more conventional attire of the well-groomed male student." Feeling this an insult to the originality and taste of the campus men present, one of their number took notes on the costumes of some of the more strikingly-attired individuals, and this is what he discovered:

It is generally agreed that the girls who attended the Wauneita looked very pretty in their long, silken dresses of many colors and styles, but don't forget the men. The men were also dressed. The originality and smartness of some of the habiliments is worth noting.

President of the Students' Council, Ron Helmer, arrived in a light blue loin cloth, knee length, with socks to match. He wore a waist length shirt of some sheer material and a brightly colored tie which was held in place with a single nail. Jack Cuyler, Director of the Year-book, was a trifle more soberly attired in a bright yellow zoot suit and red socks which blended into bright green shoes. He wore a very fetching shirt, purple in color, of a light lacy material with panels in the front. A neat little corsage of onions and forget-me-nots completed his ensemble.

CURMA pres. Ken Crockett was attired in knee length trousers of a strawberry color, which disclosed a shapely pair of calves covered in sheer red flannel. He carried a wrap of polecat fur. CURMA housing committee man Phil Le Scelleur was chic in a green suit with orange lapels. He wore a large bow-tie, also orange in color, figured with tiny elephants in the conventional greys and blacks. A pair of wooden harschiees completed his ensemble.

Frosh Commerce man Norm Smith wore pale-pink jhodpurs caught up fetchingly into knee length lumber-jack boots which still bore the taint of the great outdoors. Farther up he wore a brightly colored plaid shirt open daringly at the neck. First year Artzman Ric Hislop was seen in Boy Scout shorts, dainty Army boots and socks, while a short taffeta shirt disclosed a comely midriff. His ensemble was completed by an evening wrap of some serge material.

Bill "The Urge" Boyar attended in a torso line hip-length hangover blue sheer net shirt in the natural consequences style.

Other ensembles worth mentioning were those of Claude May, who was wearing a tattle grey union suit shrunken so as to be form fitting; Murray Stewart in a discarded beer barrel; and Colin Campbell clad in a retired South Chicago sewer pipe. As the diffused colored lights played down over the floor and made it a shifting kaleidoscope of colors and patterns, more than one male was heard to say, "Fine dance. Glad I didn't miss this one. Whe-e-e-e!"

"Who are you writing to—a boy or a girl?"  
"An old room-mate of mine."  
"Answer my question."

Blessed is he who has nothing to say and can't be persuaded to say it.

## House Dance For Saskatchewan Attracts Record Crowd of 800

Another score up for the house dance committee for a very successful dance on Saturday, Nov. 3rd. A record crowd of over 800 was seen dancing to the music of Rod Cook and his band.

Highlight of the evening was the introduction of our Saskatchewan guests to the crowd, and it was gratifying to note that their talents do not stop at rugby playing. They seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves with their amiable partners from Pembina: Gwen Caverhill, Betty Gibson, Adair Wheeler, Irene Edwards, Marguerite Lambert and Ellen Hart, to mention a few. After the introduction, the boys gave us their Sask. yell, loudly applauded.

It's rather interesting to watch the expressions on the faces of some of the more sedate dancers when, at the sound of a high C from a trumpet, hundreds of hep-cats get an electric shock and fairly ooze with rhythm. This is one time when the process of catabolism is thoroughly enjoyed. But when we were favored with a Viennese waltz, the table was turned, and while some were gliding gracefully along, the hep-cats were trying to fit a boogie-woogie into Strauss' three-four time—which is all in an evening's fun. Chocolate milk was served, and it really hit the spot.

Patrons were Dr. and Mrs. Rodman, Miss McIntyre, Col. Warren, Miss Launt, and Paul McConnell, of the house committee, was master of ceremonies.

## With the Army Of Occupation

No. 7 Cdn. General Hospital,  
C.A.O.F.,  
October 10, 1945.

Dear Miss Patrick:

Just a note to tell you about my location, as I think it will interest you. As you can see, I now belong to the army of occupation at Sande, Germany, just about five miles from Wilhelmshaven. I hated to leave England in many ways, as I enjoyed my work there, and such a nice staff of cooks. But the Matron-in-Chief asked me if I wanted to come over here, and I thought it would be a good opportunity to see a bit of the Continent. We left England the middle of August and came by boat, train and truck—a long trip but not too bad. The most interesting part of it was the twenty-four hours we spent in Brussels, where we spent most of our time window-shopping. We were amazed at the beautiful things in the stores—also at the terrific prices. We finally arrived at Oldenberg where No. 16 Hospital is, and stayed there a couple of days. One of the first people I met there was a cousin of yours, Major Lorne Patrick. He took several of us for a very nice drive—then to his Mess, and we had a very pleasant evening. I have seen him several times since then, but just to say hell to him.

After travelling for almost a week we finally got to No. 7, and it is certainly a beautiful spot. The hospital was built by the Germans, and I think was finished in 1941. It was built as a luxurious Naval Hospital, and that's exactly what it is. It is supposed to be a 600-bed hospital, but could easily accommodate 950 patients.

At present we have 630, so it is quite busy. It's a huge red brick building, or rather building—a very impressive looking place with lovely flower gardens around it. Inside it's very spacious. Each room has two or four beds; some as many as eight, but none more than that. All the kitchens, bathrooms, etc., are tiled. I've never seen as much tile in my

## Teachers Meet, Appoint Reps.

The first business meeting of the Education Undergraduate Society was held Friday, November 3, in the auditorium of the Education Building. Dr. H. E. Smith was guest speaker, and chose as his topic, "The Canadian Teachers' Federation." In brief, the guest speaker remarked upon the purpose of the C.T.F., and mentioned that Alberta has the strongest teachers' professional association amongst the nine provinces, that in the field of teacher training Alberta was the leading province in Canada, and that as yet Alberta was the farthest behind in making provision for retirement pensions.

In the business meeting, President Allan Ronaghan announced the appointment of Jack Coldwell as E.U.S. representative on the Students' Council, and third year students elected Marian Davenport as third year representative on the E.U.S. executive.

After the business meeting, a short program followed, conducted by Laurie Fisher, Gwyneth Coote, accompanied by Marie Weir, sang, and George Desson, Al Ronaghan and Robert Andrushyn, delighted their audience with symphonic arrangements of the popular classics, "The Old Grey Mare" and "Home on the Range." A general sing-song followed. The remainder of the evening was devoted to stunts in keeping with the Halloween spirit. Vivienne Scorch and Alex Jardine distinguished themselves as most adept couple at handling a pie under the handicap of blindfold and no hands. Ralph Omos, literally "won by a nose" in pushing an apple over the finishing line in an apple race, and three "rehab" dressed as ghoshs climaxed the evening with respective renditions of their most ghostly shrieks. Cokes and cakes were served after the meeting in the cafeteria.

whole life. The main kitchen is also all tiled, and is lovely and bright and sunny. But our office is our pride and joy. I forgot to say that there are two dietitians here—Margaret Willox being the other one, so it is very nice, since both of us come from Calgary. Our office consists of two good-sized rooms. One has a chesterfield, easy chairs, coffee tables and a desk in one corner. It's the most attractive room, and Margaret always keeps it full of flowers. The other room is furnished as a dining-room, and is also most attractive. It is certainly not like any office I have ever seen, or ever expect to see again. The whole hospital is wired for a radio loudspeaker system, so we do our work to soft music.

As for the work, it isn't very busy with two of us here. We have had a lot of difficulties about food supplies, but are gradually getting a big improvement in the rations. We're on Field Service rations, the same as all units, but are also supposed to be able to draw hospital comforts, which include canned fruit,

(Continued on Page 7)

**K. M. HENRY**  
OPTOMETRIST  
A. Ashdown & Marshall  
10345 Jasper Ave. Phone 22342

## The S.C.M. and Today's Headlines

### "The World Is At Peace"

So ran the headline stories of a few months ago. Today we hear of revolts in Latin America, undeclared war in the East Indies, and civil war in China. Prophecies of war between Russia and the United States are now the fashion in the press.

### "Conference Plans Better World"

—said another headline of not so long ago. And throughout the world people are facing a winter that will hold nothing but starvation and misery for millions. This while politicians bicker and conferences end in failure.

### "Atomic Bomb Ends War"

—was a headline that announced a new era. A new era in which we can look back at such lethal weapons as blockbusters as mere toys—an era in which the stature of nations is no longer measured by cultural achievements, but by the possession of a physical formula.

### Does This Have to Be True?

Why the tremendous gulf between man's possibilities and his achievements? He has found a physical formula that can kill millions of his fellows in a few well-directed attacks. Has he forgotten a formula that can give him the fullest possible realization of life?

**OUR BELIEF**—We believe that "in Jesus Christ are found the supreme revelation of God and the means to the full revelation of life." We will not ask you to accept this conviction without putting it to the test. Any student worthy of the name must test truth before accepting it.

**THE CHALLENGE**—We believe that we are challenged now as never before to test and live by the truth of the Christian conviction. We must do so or die victims of our own misguided achievements.

**OUR ANSWER**—As an organization we are meeting that challenge by attempting to help students clear away some of the debris that obstructs intelligent Christian thinking. We are "setting our own house in order first," and are re-organizing and integrating our own activities. In a series of programmes entitled

### S.C.M. NIGHT

we are going to present stimulating speakers who will deal with vital problems of world-wide importance. We are going to give students an opportunity to find some of the answers. And, where the answer is not clear, we are going to leave room for expression of student opinion. Series begins

Date: Thursday, November 15

Place: St. Stephen's College

Time: 7:00 p.m.

# Woodward's

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WOODWARD'S RECORD SECTION—Third Floor



## THE GATEWAY



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## CONTINUITY IN COUNCIL

Each spring a new Students' Council is elected. Sometimes in the fall several old council members are back, but usually most of them have graduated. The new council has to scrounge around, all over the place, trying to find out what the score is, where to find things, whom to see. Matters of procedure have to be learned from a number of sources. Faculty and staff members have to go over the same questions and answers each fall. By the end of the term the council members are just beginning to learn the ropes, the short cuts, the channels through which various activities must pass. This is natural, under the existing system of student government. But it is a waste of time, talent, and energy. This chronic period of inefficiency is caused by the lack of continuity in administration.

Continuity could be obtained in either of two ways, or a combination of both.

In the first place, the council should contain, each year, members of the preceding council. Some universities elect their faculty representatives at Christmas. We suggest that Alberta adopt this practice so that the council will at no time be entirely green and inexperienced. The change would not involve an extra general election.

Dividends would be paid in the spring and fall.

In the second place, the Students' Union should employ a highly competent permanent secretary, who could also handle the bookkeeping of the Union. For several years it has been necessary to employ, separately, someone to keep the accounts of this \$50,000 business. The saving due to increased efficiency and decreased duplication would warrant a handsome salary. The position would be a desirable one, not too difficult to fill. The benefits would be obvious.

At present there is no single individual who can possibly have a complete grasp of the workings of student administration. There should be. And he should be permanent.

We should like to hear council discuss this matter at its next meeting. Faculty representatives could well have been elected at Christmas in year past. Quite possibly the suggestion had not been made to them. Now, for the first time since before the war, it is possible to secure a fully qualified Permanent Secretary-Accountant.

Last year's council might have done well to consider these matters, instead of wasting their efforts on the traditional pastime of altering the constitution regarding honorariums. President Helmer has, this year, the opportunity of taking a progressive step which past council members have overlooked.

Enthusiasm is the greatest asset in the world. It beats money and power and influence. Single-handed the enthusiast convinces and dominates, where the wealth accumulated by a small army of workers would scarcely raise a tremor of interest. Enthusiasm tramples over prejudice and opposition, spurs inaction, storms the citadel of its object, and like an avalanche overwhelms and engulfs all obstacles. It is nothing more or less than faith in action.

—Henry Chester.

News and Views  
From Other U's

## JAPANESE-CANADIAN PROBLEM IS DISCUSSED ON CANADIAN CAMPI

During the past week opinions have been solicited on the Jap-Canadian question from all across Canada. Many students appeared to have very little knowledge of the affair. Below are typical opinions from two universities:

Mt. Allison University, Nov. 1 (CUP).—The Japanese-Canadian problem has provoked extensive comment on this campus. The following are a sample of the opinions which have been voiced:

"Students should do as much as possible to voice their disapproval to both provincial and federal governments in respect to their action in the repatriation of Japanese-Canadians."

"I think all Canadian-born Japanese who wish to return to Japan should be repatriated and all non-Canadian-born Japanese should be deported regardless of their wishes."

"It's more than just an issue between a group of Japanese-Canadians and the government. There is a question of racial discrimination, and if the Canadian people let present government plans for settlement go through, it will be a black mark in the eyes of the rest of the world."

University of Toronto (CUP).—Concrete action has been taken by the student body at the University of Toronto. The Students' Administrative Council, representing all undergraduates, wired the Acting Prime Minister and demanded the deletion of Bill 15, clause g, section 3, of the National Emergencies Powers Act. A letter informing executives of other universities of the action it has taken and suggesting that like action be considered by their respective councils is being sent to other camps.

## MEN MUST DRESS PROPERLY AT McMASTER

A notice in Oct. 19 Silhouette at McMaster University reads, "Sweaters and wind-breakers sometimes accompanied by suitable neckwear, but more often not, have put in their appearance in the halls and lecture rooms of the University. Surely we are not reverting to the status of High School days, gone and almost forgotten? Henceforth, admission to lectures and the library will be refused those male students who are improperly dressed, i.e., without a suit coat and tie. Fines will be levied on all offenders." After perusing an editorial in another issue of the Silhouette, it appears that Senior students at McMaster are required to wear gowns to lectures and freshmen must wear caps. The editorial continues: "There will always be scoffers when college men try to act their age, for many refuse to mix elements of the sublime with the customary ridiculous." We at McMaster think differently; while preparing ourselves for the professional fields of our Dominion we choose to look the part. Hence the wearing of suits and the institution of gowns for Seniors."

## INDIA WILL SEND THIRTY GRADUATES YEARLY TO MCGILL

India is to send thirty scholarship students to McGill each year, it was recently announced. Fifteen of these are to take post-graduate courses in engineering and applied science, and the other fifteen will take Agriculture.

The first group of these is due to arrive next month with a party which includes 150 students who are being sent to universities and colleges all over Canada and the United States. About twenty-five American

## CHRISTMAS FUND

Organization for the Christmas Fund campaign should at this date be completed. With Christmas exams only five weeks away, with the prospect of extra-curricular activities for this term being completely curtailed in less than four weeks, little time is left to plan a comprehensive drive.

The Christmas Fund campaign has always received unquestioned support from students. It has without exception been the most worthwhile drive on the campus. What a shame it would be to doom this undertaking to failure through lack of foresight!

The money raised by the Christmas Fund Committee is used to buy hampers of food and clothing which are distributed through the district nurses in Northern Alberta to needy families. The letters of appreciation received after the hampers have been delivered have always been ample return for the effort expended. There is great satisfaction in knowing that the nickels and dimes donated for this cause are actually accomplishing their purpose. There is also great satisfaction in seeing, through the letters of thanks, that the drive has proven worth while.

If we are to continue our assistance to needy families, and if we are to do so by Christmas, 1945, council must overcome its tendency toward procrastination and act quickly and efficiently.

## SCIENTIFIC FILMS

Last Thursday night the C.A.S.W.—Canadian Association of Scientific Workers—invited all science students and others interested to an evening of scientific films.

The advertisement "Scientific films" was perhaps a little misleading, and consequently many people who might have attended did not because they received the impression that the films were of a highly technical nature. Nothing could be further from the truth. Although subjects of a technical nature were dealt with, the educational value of the evening was tremendous. The explanations presented could be readily understood by even the most unenlightened. Biological advances were presented so that they could be readily grasped by Engineers. Engineering advances were explained in terms which could easily be understood by Arts students.

More films have been promised throughout the year, and judging by the first evening, they merit your attendance. Credit is certainly due this organization for undertaking this project.

universities have agreed to take students, and also 350 of a total of 700 such students have already gone to study in the United Kingdom under a similar plan.

## CO-ED GIVES KISS "TO AID SCIENCE"

## AT OKLAHOMA

Ray Hartley, laboratory assistant, took a kiss lying down Monday in an experiment testing his slow brain waves on a machine called an electroencephalograph in the psychology laboratory. The experiment showed that the brain is affected only slightly during a kiss, most of the reactions being muscular. When the kiss was implanted on the victim, the needle of the machine went haywire in a zigzag course, due to the flutter of eyelids, etc., etc.

"It was purely in the interest of science," remarked the donor, blushing furiously after the experiment.

Six electrodes were attached to Hartley's forehead, ear lobes, and the back of his head with electrode paste and liquid adhesive, giving him the appearance of a man from Mars. In another test, concentration on adding figures made the needles' path more even, with smaller fluctuations.

## NO C.O.T.C. OR U.N.T.D. VOLUNTEERS

## AT DALHOUSIE

The C.O.T.C. has had no enlistments this term at Dalhousie since the training has been put on a voluntary basis. Previously compulsory, the C.O.T.C. is voluntary now, and the number of hours of training a week has been reduced from six to three. The C.O. of the Corps said that the greatest interest shown so far has been by regular army veterans, many of whom saw service overseas.

Although there have been no new volunteers in the U.N.T.D. at Dalhousie this year, there are a number who signed up previously for three years who are still attending training programs.

## GAIN SEEN BY TORONTO IN WATERWAYS SCHEME

Toronto, Oct. 29 (CUP).—Toronto would benefit and Montreal might lose by the St. Lawrence Water-

ways plan, according to opinions expressed by professors of geography, sociology and political economy at the University of Toronto in interviews here yesterday.

The opening of the river for ocean traffic has been a much-debated topic here since revival of discussion on the project by the U.S. Senate. The Senate is investigating the possibility of joint committee control of river traffic.

Toronto would benefit at the expense of Montreal, said Prof. Griffith Taylor of the Geography Department. He pointed out that by deepening the St. Lawrence for sea-going traffic below Kingston, Montreal would be robbed of its position as "break of bulk".

## MCGILL ESTABLISHES DAWSON COLLEGE—ALSO HOLD MASQUERADE

Dawson College has been established thirty miles out of Montreal, and provides living accommodation for about 1,000 students. Engineering courses are taught, and professors commute between the college and Montreal. Students attending the college at present include about 1,000 men and five female engineering students.

A masquerade ball is being held at McGill, and prizes donated by leading Montreal firms are being awarded for the best and most original costumes. About the middle of the evening a cabaret-style supper is being served, followed by an intermission and the judging of costumes.

## QUEEN'S HAS PYJAMA PARADE AND EFFIGY BURNING

On October 19 at Queen's University, a giant pep rally was held. A feature of the rally was the burning of a large Varsity effigy, built by the Science '47 class. After a yell practice, the football team and presidents of the various student societies were introduced. After the effigy had burned, everyone formed a snake line and, accompanied by a pipe band, wound their way to the gymnasium for a dance. Everyone supposedly turned out in pyjamas.

## U. of A. Members Express Views on Memorials

OTHER OPINIONS WILL BE CARRIED IN NEXT WEEK'S GATEWAY

Letters to The Gateway will be printed

The two wars were actually one in the sense that there was no effective peace between them, the intervening years being used by Germany merely as a truce in which to prepare for another try at world domination. It seems appropriate therefore to add to existing memorials of the 1914-18 phase inscriptions covering the 1939-45 period. I therefore favor putting up another bronze plaque at the entrance to Convocation Hall and rededicating the Memorial Organ to the men and women who died in both wars.

But I should like to see the matter rest there. The price in human sacrifice of "finishing the job" has been so great as to demand great recognition. What kind of additional memorial would be most fitting?

If we start from the assumption, which seems justifiable, that those who died in the war did so to secure for the rest of us a better life, I think we can best honor their memory by doing something positive to make their sacrifice effective. The idea of a Memorial Organ was a real inspiration, as it has benefited to some extent every student who has subsequently passed through the University. A Memorial Gymnasium appeals to me for the same reason. It is much needed, it is unlikely to be built by public funds, and it would afford all students from now on an opportunity to improve their preparation for life.

ROBERT NEWTON.  
November 1, 1945.

1. It should be a fitting tribute to those who have died.
2. It should also be of some use to those who have been so fortunate as to survive the war.
3. It should be of a permanent nature.

ERIC MOFFATT,  
Pres. Aero Club.  
Member of CURMA.

This poll of ideas on a war memorial from the members of the University family should help in deciding what would be a fitting tribute, not only to those who made the sacrifice, but to the principle they defended. Thus, one might briefly say that the more nearly our memorial promotes, through the years, the principle for which the sacrifice was made, the more worthy it becomes. And would not this be their wish?

G. B. SANFORD.

Note: Dr. Sanford was president of the University of Alberta Alumni Association from January, 1940, to 1945. The Association has recommended a memorial loan fund for students.

"Time and money spent in training the body, yield a larger interest than any other investment."—Gladstone.

Men in military service all over the world have made numerous requests from the "home front". Most prominent among these requests, have been appeals for sports equipment, recreational facilities, sporting news, and radio "sports casts". Sporting goods manufacturers have been unable to supply the demands of men in the services. One of the most important phases of military training has been physical conditioning in regard to strength, endurance, coordination, and team work. Surely these facts indicate that not only the interests but also the needs of our young men centre around the field of Physical Education. Rousseau has said, "The body must needs be vigorous in order to obey the soul; a good servant ought to be robust. . . . The weaker the body the more it commands; the stronger it is the better it obeys." No one knows that better than the men who have suffered through this war. Many of those no longer with us were able to save the lives of their buddies because of a body able to respond to the severest tests.

There is, in my estimation, no more fitting symbol of what our men have fought and died for than a place to enjoy activities both as a spectator and a competitor; a place where one learns activities that can be useful all during life; a place where troubles are discarded for a period of enjoyment; and a place where people can be trained to look after the needs of our youth in matters of health and physical education. A Physical Education Building affords all these opportuni-

ties. It can and should influence every citizen in the province through those who have personally experienced the recreational and educational facilities, either as a participant in the required program or as a prospective teacher in Physical Education and Community Recreation. A fully operative plant for Physical Education at the University would be the focal point for faculty, student, community and provincial effort in the advancement of a scientific program of Physical Education with opportunities for teacher training, recreational activities, training and conditioning, mild and strenuous competition, remedial and corrective work, social functions, and the development and maintenance of general good health.

Such a Physical Education Building stands for increased health, happiness and the enhancing of opportunities to live a full life. What could be more apt as a dedication to those young college men who are no longer with us?

MAURICE VAN VLIET.

The primary purpose of establishing a war memorial is, in my opinion, to perpetuate the memory of those fallen in battle for our freedom. However, this concept should not blind us to other benefits which can be directly associated with a war memorial.

The day of the rock monument is past, and in its place should come a memorial which combines both lasting and beautiful qualities. Therefore, in establishing war memorials, the present trend seems to be

to provide them in such a form that while they are perpetuating the memory of the dead, they are also supplying benefits to those deprived by the war. Such a memorial should also be in some form which will keep the public fully aware of its existence in years to come, as too often these things pass from the public interest soon after the conflict ceases.

Finally, the scope covered by the war memorial should be a major consideration. Many people were affected by the war; many should benefit from the memorials, the benefits should not be limited to a chosen few.

DAVE BENTLEY,  
Treasurer, Students' Union.

Upon looking up the definition of memorial, I found it to be, "anything intended to preserve the memory of a person." A personal interpretation of that definition, to my mind, would include these following ideals:

A war memorial should be a constant reminder of the men who lost their lives for use, and should be an inspiring incentive to keep us free from wars in the future.

A cold stone memory in the form of an epitaph to me carries no inspiration. A war memorial should be something tangible and useful. Primarily it should benefit the children and families of the men in whose honor we form the memorial. Secondly, it should be of use to the families of men who have been maimed by the war, and finally it probably should be of some benefit to men who have returned.

It should definitely serve as a reminder of the horrors of war. Just how this association can be retained vividly enough, in the minds of everyone, is a difficult question.

The decision that would determine the placing of a war memorial is a momentous one. It should not be considered lightly or without knowing all the ideals to be attained in the final adoption of the memorial.

JACK PENZER,  
Secretary, Students' Union.

I would feel that any War Memorial at the University of Alberta should, of course, possess dignity, restraint and permanence. Provided these qualities are present, it might also be a memorial to life as well as to death; that is, it might commemorate those who have fallen by being of service to those succeeding generations where lives, we hope, have been made secure by the sacrifice of those who gave their lives.

W. G. HARDY.

The attributes of a war memorial to university men can take a spiritual or a tangible form, depending upon the individual. Opinions as to the cost, utility, and permanency of such a memorial in either form will also rest with the individual.

In the past monuments, gates, buildings, stadia and gymnasias have been erected, and scholarships have been established as a memorial tribute to those who have so gallantly given their lives that we may live and prosper under the Four Freedoms. Those who were fortunate enough to return should be in the best position to suggest what their fallen comrades would have desired. Since the Dominion Government has acknowledged its moral obligation to educate the returned, it should also be obliged to offer the same opportunity to the children of our disabled and departed heroes. We must see that this is done.

The state has provided facilities for intellectual growth, but not for physical and extra-curricular development. The fact that over sixty per cent of the youth of Canada were not physically fit for the Services has spurred the Government to take remedial action. Now that the University has recently instituted a Department of Physical Education, they will no doubt in time provide the necessary facilities.

However, since this province is relatively young and the development in the physical plant of the University has been so far out of step with the increase in the number of students, I believe that it would be fitting for the students to erect a war memorial in the form of a Student Activity Building, fearless in outline and permanent in structure.

W. C. BROADFOOT.

## MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR

The Music Appreciation hour is being held each Thursday afternoon from 4 until 5 p.m. in Convocation Hall. This hour is principally designed for the benefit of those in the music courses, but any others who would like to come to hear the records are welcome to do so. Short commentaries will be given either by students from Music 51 or 55, or by Mr. Reymes-King.

Be a  
Sport

Come on! Get out and support your home teams this winter, and have the time of your life doing it! Let's make Edmonton one of the most sports-minded cities on the map!

And how about making EATON'S headquarters for all your sports gear and equipment? In the Sporting Goods section on our lower floor, you'll find skis, poles, boots and other necessities for breath-taking Christianas, and in our clothing departments on the main and second floors, there are bright, warm ski-and-skate togs to keep you right up on the "blue-line" of fashion! We can outfit you all the way from ski socks to cap—come in soon to see for yourself!

T. EATON CO.  
LIMITED

In connection with the shortage of textbooks, we hope the students will bear with us, as we are doing all in our power to get deliveries quickly from the publishers, but many of the books are being reprinted in the United States, and that is the chief cause of the delay.

THIS DEPARTMENT IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE



## The Gateway LITERARY PAGE

## The Wheel of the Gods

Laugh at the Tibetan Adventures of This Ingenious Linguist

by Finnigan

## SUMMARY

Henry Jackson, professor of Oriental languages, is chased by bandits in Tibet. He comes upon an odorous monastery where he learns that an ancient Prayer-Wheel will no longer turn, and that a great god is expected to repair it. As we go on with the story, Jackson is examining the wheel.

## CONCLUSION

We emerged from the buildings of the monastery onto the bank of a mountain stream. There stood a great water wheel of a radius of about twenty feet, turning swiftly in the rapid stream, but spinning loosely on its bearingless, greased shaft. Apparently its holiness didn't prevent the monks from greasing the wheel. At the end of the horizontal shaft stood a small round house which contained the prayer-rolling mechanism. With the abbot's permission, I stepped up close to the hub of the wheel and examined it by the light of the small lantern we carried. Instantly I saw the trouble. The large wooden drift key which had fastened the wheel to the drive shaft had been removed, and chipped into seven pieces, and laid on the band. The wheel, however, was held from sliding off the end of the shaft by another pin on the outside.

I showed the remains of the chipped pin to the abbot, who apparently had been too excited to examine the mechanism carefully before. He stared at the seven sticks, gulped, turned pale under an inch of unwashedness, and spoke in a choking voice:

"Seven sticks! The sign of Rje Bdun! This is not the first time the infamous villains have sought to bring ruin and disaster upon our Holy community. Seven years ago they seized and abducted the holy brothers Lladai, Grumpo and Drinka while they were tending our flocks. They slaughtered the flock and carried our holy brethren to their den, where they martyred them by making them eat a Buddha made out of soap. Also they scrubbed the skins off them with stiff brushes and strong soap. Our poor saints died a horrid death. But we will be patient. All men must die, and after death the vile abusers of our saints will be assigned to the lowest depths of the sixty-seventh hell, where hot flames burn the wicked forever, yet they are forever freezing, where they are forever bleeding, where innumerable worms crawl forever in their flesh and mouth and nostrils and eyes and ears, and they are doomed to chant forever, 'Great is the Buddha and just his judgment. May my punishment endure forever!'"

From this I understood that his concepts of kindness, mercy and non-violence were a strictly one-world affair.

The abbot and I returned to his apartment, where we met Byasa again, and sat down. The abbot ordered some buttered tea, and while I drank it, he said, "We can give you shelter for the night, oh stranger, although we cannot give you protection against the demons which are about tonight. In the morning, if there is any poor thing which this wretched monastery can do to help a traveller along his way, we will do it."

Then he called a monk, who showed Byasa and me to our room, where we passed the rest of the night quietly enough. By morning I had my plan formulated. I went to the abbot, told him importantly that I had a great message for his monastery, and asked that he assemble all the monks, that I might address them. He was so low in spirits that he would consent to anything, so that I soon found myself facing a gathering of a thousand physically and mentally wrecked holy men. I asked the abbot to bless the assembly, but refrained from telling him that I wished it so that the incense that he cast would protect me from the B.O. of his saints. Then, heaving all traces of modesty or reticence overboard, I began my speech:

"Oh, holy men of Djanda Lai, I come to you from the Lord of all the Heavens, Gautama himself, who in his infinite mercy has taken compassion upon you worthy saints and has dispatched me, unworthy though I am to serve his Supreme Holiness, that I may through the powers He has designed to confer upon me, save this most worthy community of saints from the powers of evil, devils, destroyers of merit, and enemies of goodness and profaners of holiness that so sorely beset you. Oh, holy men, if you will but believe, if you will but obey the commands which I shall give, my authority being the Blessed One himself, if you will but do as I say, this frightful calamity will be averted, and disaster shall become victory. I see by your faces, oh holy men, that you doubt me. Know then, oh saints, that this is but a test of your faith. Do you remember, most saintly ones, how, when Satyakarna was praying desperately that he might receive a command from our Lord the Blessed One, the Blessed One himself came and stood beside him in the form of a goat, and spoke to him words of wisdom and instruction. Then again, the 22nd avatar of Satyakarna came in the form of a Bengali pipe-merchant. Is there, then, any marvel that he should come again in the form of a European barbarian to save again his beloved followers? I say to you, oh blessed ones, that your reward will be great in proportion to your faith. Have faith, or men of Djanda Lai!"

"And you, oh abbot of Djanda Lai, come here to me, that I may instruct you in your duty. Take an axe, go into the sacred grove of

your most noble monastery, search carefully until you find a dead fir one span in diameter, yet the wood must not be rotten nor any part of the trunk. You shall cut from this trunk a stake six spans in length and bring it hither."

"You, oh most pious goatherds, shall watch the gate, for the bandits are even now on their way hither. When they come, you shall admit them, but see that they do harm to no one. You shall send word to me immediately upon their arrival."

"You, other monks of Djanda Lai, shall remain assembled continuing in prayer until I command you further. Go now, oh saintly monks, to your duties."

The abbot went off to the grove, the goatherds took up their guard, and the rest of the monks busied themselves with their prayers. I walked to the bank of the river, and Byasa and I spent the next few minutes examining the wheel more closely, for it had been dark when we first saw it. Byasa, who was extraordinarily Irish for a Tibetan, had understood my blarney immediately, but gave no sign, and played along with the game magnificently. Soon the abbot arrived with the stake.

In the presence of an assembly of the elders of the monastery, to the blare of six-foot trumpets, with all the most powerful men in the monastery regarding me with wonder and fear, I began to shape a new pin for the wheel. I sent a monk for some grease and some incense to burn that the spirits might not attempt to deflect the axe. Inside me, I placed no faith in incense. I just shuddered and called on the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, and all the Saints of Heaven to help me. I don't remember exactly, but I think I even called on Buddha. I was almost as afraid as the monks were, because my life certainly depended on repairing the wheel of the gods. I managed not to show this, and kept a stern face, and guided the axe in clean, sure strokes. When the pin was shaped, I greased it with some of the fat the monk had brought, burned a stick of incense and, while the long trumpets boomed a weird and powerful melody, I drove the new key into the wheel, which was revolving sufficiently slowly.

## Success

While sweat stood out on my forehead and ran in streams down my body, while I shuddered and went through miseries that the monastic historian later described quite appropriately as a battle with ten thousand devils, I managed to drive the pin into place. The wheel and shaft jolted suddenly, the praying mechanism jarred, then started to turn and hum as busily and noisily as any mill. A great cheer arose from the waiting monks. Again and again they cheered, and their cheers rolled like bomb blasts over the gorge and back. It was indeed a mighty salvo I received.

Just then a messenger arrived and informed me that the bandits were approaching the gate. I hurriedly gave the monks their various orders, and hastened to the gate to watch the performance.

The bandits knocked at the gate, and the surly gatekeeper opened it and grunted. This time it was a matchlock musket, not a flask, that was thrust at him. He grunted "Come in," without waiting for a second or third order as he had done with us.

When they entered, they found themselves surrounded by a cloud of incense and smoke so thick that they could hardly breathe and couldn't see. Immediately each bandit found himself seized by a pair of strong arms from out of the cloud, and disarmed by another pair of arms, and led forward. The abbot commanded, "Bring them here," and they were brought.

The abbot proceeded to perform his duty as soon as the bandits had been brought out of the smoke screen to his throne in the courtyard.

"Oh, evil bandits, do you not perceive that you have become servants of the devils, the enemies of men? Do you not realize that devils have seized themselves upon you, that you are no longer the owners of your souls? You have tried more times than once to destroy us. You have done the utmost to visit upon us all the terrors of the evil ones who are your masters. In spite of all your malice, we forgive you. Yes, we even have pity upon you. Now, out of the greatness of our compassion, we will exorcise you, we will drive out the evil ones, we will free your souls of the demons that beset them, and you shall once again become free men and masters of your souls."

Immediately the trumpets started their weird, melancholy, keening-wail and a thousand monks stepped to their places for the awesome ceremony of spirit-wrestling. They burned more incense, and twenty lines of monks moved forward toward the twenty bandits, who were held back against a wall by the fierce mastiffs of the goatherds. Each monk carried a bell and all the bells were jangling in unison in a monotonous but hypnotic rhythm. The big temple drums were all beating a booming accompaniment. The monks chanted their deep pentatonic chants in strong, solemn voices, and advanced upon the bandits. As each man reached a bandit he stopped for a minute, addressed a rune to the spirit, and smote the bandit once on the chest with his large, six-foot rosary of wooden beads, each one of which was about the size of an egg. The blow was supposed to dislodge the spirit. Then he moved on to the end of the line, and the next man stepped up, and the chants continued. "Come out, come out, oh Mara's slave,

Release this soul and cease to rave! Come out, come out in Buddha's name!

Begone to Hell, oh fiend of flame!" And then came the stroke of the rosary. I clearly saw at least five monks taking a wind-up. They certainly were fervent in the performance of their duty of compassion toward the bandits.

## Exorcism

The exorcism continued for several hours. It was horrid. The bandits were all eventually seized by fits, and jumped, screamed, howled and flailed around as if mad. It often happened then that a rosary would miss, and hit a bandit on the head. This usually had quite a calming effect, and the exorcism continued as soon as the bandit had been dropped up. After a while all the bandits were propped up all the time. They could no longer be heard to groan, but an occasional one whimpered a little. Still the drums and trumpets continued their frightful chorus, the stirring chants went on, and the tinkling of a thousand bells arose in a fearful rhythm.

Late that afternoon, when the bandits were all apparently unconscious, the exorcism stopped, in the strange hush that followed, I went forward and examined the bandits.

Every one of them was dead. I deduced that it was probably heart-failure, even though each one of them had at least four broken ribs. I told the abbot so, and he appeared to be greatly distressed.

"Oh, mercies of the Blessed One! What have we done? To think that probably wicked spirits were the only ones the poor men had, and now that we have exorcised them, the poor sinners are dead. Oh, Buddha, may their souls find happiness in the next existence! Oh, Blessed One, forgive us, for we have unwittingly taken life!"

That was the end of Rje Bdun. The monks gave them a fine funeral, and a grand cremation, with much loud chanting, plenty of candles and incense, and again the bells and tom-toms.

That night the monks gave me a grand feast. For the first time in days I got an edible meal. As is usual in Tibet, where Chinese cooking holds the same position that French cuisine does for Europeans, we were served a Chinese banquet. Course after course of marvellous exotic foods, wines and delicacies was brought in, and consumed with real gusto. There were speeches and orations, and prayers and hymns, and finally there was an invitation, which amounted to a command, from the abbot to stay with the monastery for several years. Then the banquet ended, and we all went to bed.

About three o'clock the next morning Byasa and I stole quietly out the back way by the river.

The End

## NOVEMBER

Hark you such sound as quivers? Kings will hear,

As kings have heard, and tremble on their thrones;

The old will feel the weight of mossy stones;

The young alone will laugh and scoff at fear.

It is the tread of armies marching near,

From scarlet lands to lands forever pale;

It is a bugle dying down the gale;

Is the sudden gushing of a tear.

And it is hands that grope at ghostly doors;

And romp of spirit-children on the pave;

It is the tender sighing of the brave

Who fell, ah! long ago, in futile wars;

It is such sound as death; and, after all,

'Tis but the forest letting dead leaves fall.

—November," by Mahlon Leonard Fisher.

## FOUND

A Purse in Capitol Theatre with identification card "Jean Bye." Owner please call at Capitol Theatre for return of same.

## WAW-WAW?

Woman reduces us all to the common denominator.—Shaw.

Man has his will, but woman has her way.—Holmes.

## Around the Bookstores

"Cass Timberlane," \$2.75, Random House.

Sinclair Lewis has been walking down Main Street again and has found a new character. It is Cass Timberlane. This latest publication by one of America's best known novelists, is just what the sub-title suggests, that is, "A Novel of Husband and Wives."

Cass Timberlane, a Minnesota judge, is very much attracted to a trial witness, Miss Jinny Marshland, who is young enough to be his daughter. However, that doesn't deter Cass. Forgetting his first marriage, which was unsuccessful, he begins his courtship and soon finds that he is passionately in love with her. Jinny's image haunts him wherever he goes. The third time he proposes marriage, she accepts. A few days after the wedding they have their first quarrel. Quarrels and reconciliations continue until she finally goes on a fling with Brad Criley, one of her husband's closest friends. The Seventh Commandment means nothing to her now.

Jinny decides to divorce Cass, believing that her new lover is honorable enough to marry her, innocent young thing that she is.

Mr. Lewis apparently knows what makes a book sell, and he has written his just that way, even to a description of the honeymoon. The plot shows a slight similarity to Ben Ames Williams well-read novel, "The Strange Woman," but is really less dith.

The story is a satire of the American way of life today. The author uses his characters to portray the different types of people to be found in nearly all walks of life in any community. Judge Timberlane is a likeable fellow, and the reader may feel sorry for him when he is pushed around by society. He is even told that he is making a fool of himself by chasing this gay young girl from the working class. Cass' problem is a social one. Should a man marry a woman socially below him?

This book is really meant to be a serious treatise on marriage, and every possible angle is discussed, besides any other problem which might confront people today.

Sinclair Lewis has always been unpredictable. As a young man, he experimented with that community led by Upton Sinclair and called Helicon Hall. He was offered the Nobel Prize and refused it, but three years later travelled all the way to Sweden to receive it. To make certain that he wasn't missing anything, he accepted membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters. This was followed by an honorary LL.D. from his Alma Mater, Yale University.

—K. J. E.

I expect that women will be the last thing civilized by men—Mere.

## INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT OIL

## PAGES FROM AN OIL DRILLER'S 'LOG' TELL



## The Story of a Failure

"Spudding In"

"Trouble 719 feet down!"

"Another lucky break!"

"The geologists were wrong"

"Fishing" again for 12 days

"Well abandoned—'Dry Hole'"

March 24th, 1943, "spudding in"... a big day for the drilling crew. 136-foot derrick completed, we started drilling Imperial Oil's "Royallite Wildcat Hills Well No. 1"—due north of Calgary-Banff highway, 35 miles from Calgary. Hoping for a real "strike"... geologists' survey indicates favorable oil structure at about 7,000 to 9,000 feet.

Trouble 719 feet down! Lost drill collar<sup>1</sup> in the hole. Might have been bad—but recovered collar and repaired break in drill shaft in 3 hours. Everybody breathed a big sigh of relief—sometimes this kind of accident sets us back days.

Another lucky break! Drill pipe "washed out" and twisted off at 775 feet. Luckily we got going once more in two hours. Using up plenty of drills on this hard rock. It's no easy job—pulling up hundreds of feet of pipe just to change a dull "bit"<sup>2</sup> then lowering the whole "string" again.

The geologists were wrong. Now drilling 2 miles underground, and these have been trying, disappointing months. Nature can fool the geologists. On this well, for instance, we expected to hit the formation we hoped would contain oil before this. Instead, one bad "fault"<sup>3</sup> after another—quite unexpected. On top of all that—got stuck in hole at 10,676 feet, taking eleven days to fish up drill pipes and repair.

"Fishing" again for 12 days. Stalled again at 10,688 feet—lost 12 days drilling out stuck tubing. But we still have hopes... a "strike"<sup>4</sup> will pay back all the months of hard work and money invested.

April 21st, 1944, well abandoned—"Dry Hole". A black day for all of us. After 13 months' hard drilling, we struck salt water. Wet as salt water is, it's still the oil man's Nemesis—a "dry hole" that produces no oil. So we plugged the well<sup>4</sup> at 11,155 feet down and abandoned it—a grave two miles deep for all our hopes of "Wildcat Hills No. 1."

1—Collar supports drill in underground hole. 3—A "fault" is a break in the earth's structure—a dislocation of the rock formation.

2—More than 400 drilling bits were used in sinking the well. 4—Cement plugs are inserted in the hole as required.

The facts in this record are taken from the drilling log of Imperial's "Wildcat Hills Well No. 1", which was begun on the favorable recommendation of Canada's leading oil geologists, who had explored the ground thoroughly. Estimated to cost \$225,000. for drilling, it actually cost approximately \$340,000. from start to "dry hole" finish. But the drillers and geologists of Imperial Oil go on undiscouraged—because they know that in opening up Canada's promising oil fields they add much to the nation's wealth... and help to make Canada ever more independent of foreign sources of the petroleum so indispensable to the life of our country and every one of its individual citizens.

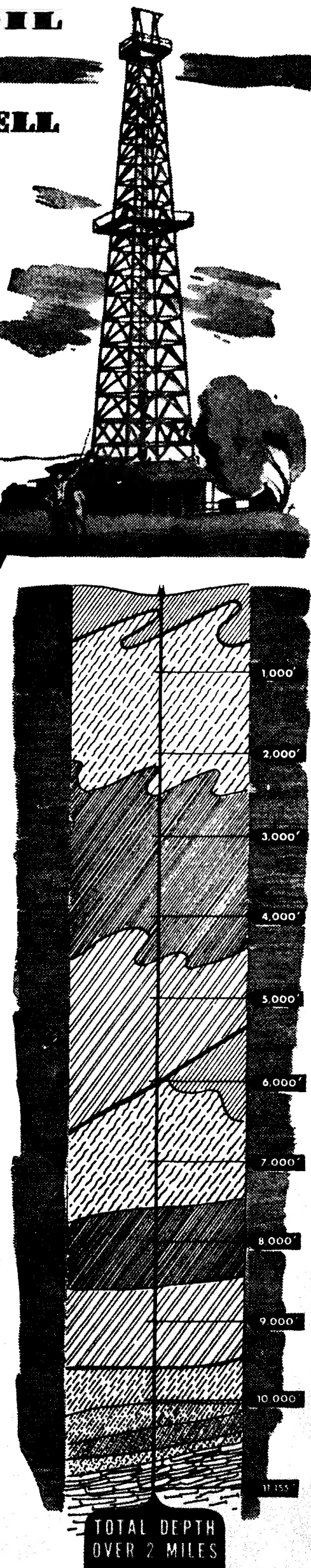
IMPERIAL OIL



LIMITED

This message is the fifth of a series; the next advertisement will tell about the

amazing substance called Crude Oil.





## BULL SESSION . . By TAURUS

Women, stand up for your rights! Be original! Improve! Improve!

A most conservative note has been observed on the U. of A. campus. The women are becoming dull and stodgy—they wear nothing but red nail polish! No golds, yallors, royal blues, or blacks. No vivid purples. No white polish, emblem of purity and virtue. No two-tone jobs, no zebra stripes.

There are no patterns in the nail polishing on this here campus. No dashing little diamond devices, no gay designs, half-evergreen, half-gold. The old Varsity ain't like it used to be. Things are going all to the dogs. No cheering, no rah rahing, and worst of all, the girls won't wear the school colors on their fingernails! A few girls stuffily refuse to paint each nail a different shade—a new fashion awaits, but they won't start it!

Why this dullness? Why this lack of originality? Why should bright Western girls, widely noted for verve and originality, cravenly knuckle under to nasty old convention? Our college girls, the shrewd, the leaders of the bright new modern world, have become mere slaves to the Cutex Company. The Cutex pep have ordained that nail polish shall be worn upon the fingernails—"So be it," chant the Waunetas in jolly old unison. The Cutex people order that nail polish shall be worn upon the toenails—"The holy of holies has spoken," sayeth the leaders of the tribe. The Cutex people never advertise anything but red nail polish any more—"Hear this and learn it

well, my children," say the old squaws.

Oh, how fondly I recall those happy days before some smart advertising man sold the Cutex Company those ads glamorizing crimson nails! The first picture promoting this high-priced junk instantly brought to mind the dime horror magazines, and the obvious caption, "Even soft white hands like these can commit bloody murder." What dividends that campaign paid!

Two of the few notes of originality which are permitted with nail polishing rests in the patterns chipped on the nails, and the size and shape of the lumps of polish heaped on. Some girls are definitely unable to apply nail polish smoothly. They proudly blotch on the red ink, then smugly wiggle their itchy fingers to and fro till the polish has thoroughly dried into vari-shaded lumps. It certainly looks beautiful.

The same girls who "oooh" and "aaah" in horror and alarm at the eagle's talons and grizzly's claws will cry their eyes out when one of their own attenuated scrapers is broken. A great fortune awaits that enemy of man who invents a nail-growing tonic which will sprout huge catlike talons overnight. Women will fight for it at \$7.00 per eye-dropper. If the Cutex people say so.

Courage, cuties! Strength, sisters! Buck up, babes! Guts, gals! Lead onward—originate! Forward and we blindly follow!

Gad, what a mad fad!

## UP CURTAIN

C. M. Damkwick

Things have been rather dull in Hollywood lately. Only two "mag-nificent" pictures were released last month; both stank. Another new production, billed as "the finest ever to touch the tender chords of human emotions," didn't. A fourth, claimed its perpetrators, "would hold audiences entranced for years"; may it die horribly in the cutting room! Only one ray of hope penetrated the eclipse currently hovering over Los Angeles and vicinity—the announcement that Ingrid Bergman will soon appear in two new pictures.

According to the ads in Life, the ingratiating Ingrid is soon to be viewed in "Spellbound", playing opposite Gregory Peck, film-don's newest romantic leading man. It's a pathological killer-diller, this latest

Hitchcock job, that will undoubtedly send delightful shudders down the spectator's spine. The other new picture, recently being given full page spreads in the slick magazines is "The Bells of Saint Mary's," co-starring Ingrid Bergman and Bing Crosby, conceivably as the chimer-in-chief.

Both look like good bets, but don't take this reviewer's word for it; in the first place, he hasn't seen either, and secondly, he'd go to an Ingrid Bergman show if her partner were Ishkabibble or the Lone Ranger. With all due respects to the Misses Davis, Garson and Garbo, none have so far reached the strata of artistry, excellence and loveliness over which the first lady of the screen reigns secure.

## BLACK SUEDE SANDALS

Smart Stylish Shoes

\$7.00

Cuban or High Heels

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## DANCE TONIGHT SKYLAND

Formerly Aircraft Repair Cafeteria

JOE JOHNSON'S ORCHESTRA  
GLADYS SPENCE, Featured Vocalist

Turn North after crossing Track, End of Kingsway 122nd Street

Regular Dancing Every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday

## NOTICE

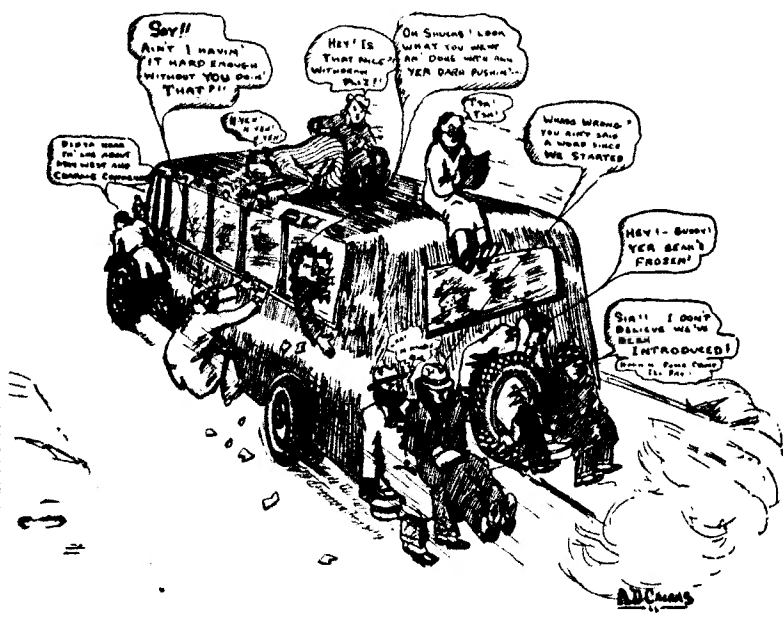
Owing to the great shortage of merchandise in City stores, many Students will wish to have finished Portraits in folders for Christmas Gift giving.

Do not delay in ordering yours immediately after your Yearbook sitting, otherwise it may be impossible to guarantee delivery in time for Christmas.

House 3 STUDIOS

10155-102ND STREET

## HISTORIC HEAP IN PARADE



Varsity Bus --- 8 AM

The dismal conditions pictured above exist only in the minds of the older members of the faculty. Now with the modern streamlining of Edmonton's transportation system, 8 o'clockers revel in speedy and comfortable service.

## From Soup to Nuts

By Curly

This column might just as well have been called "Mental Meanderings of a Moron" or "Bird's Eye View of Canadian Maple," or any of a dozen fanciful titles. The fact that it is launched under "Soup to Nuts" is due primarily to a healthy relishment of good food, and secondly, to a congenial mental laziness which accepts the first title that came to mind.

There will, in all probability, be frequent references to food from time to time, and if by any chance there is a constant reader, and he or she thinks the column reeks of mental laziness, then we will be in complete agreement.

Now it can be told. I wonder how many know about some of the answers made by the "frosh" at the men's physical examination?

About the R.C.A.F. veteran of many campaigns who answered all questions as to health and childhood diseases, but when asked, "How many operations have you had?" replied "18 over Germany," and he's a pre-med at that.

Another, a sailor this time, replied in answer to the question "Have you any war injury?" "Well, I lost my tonsils."

Or to shift the scene, about the army lad in Convocation Hall, who having borne up under a two-hour wait in line, finally reached the registration desk. There he was asked, "Name, please?" Such was his bewilderment and exhaustion by this time that he began to search feverishly among the quire of accumulated papers to find his name.

It has its funny side, but I wonder if all relevant medical details could not be supplied by D.V.A. for all service personnel, many of whom have just completed a much more searching examination than that given on entrance to the University. Also it does seem that serious consideration should be given to a simplification or diversification of registration. The Registrar's staff do an excellent job under adverse, overcrowded conditions. One pos-

sible solution would be to have each faculty register separately in their respective buildings, or in separate rooms in the same building, where, necessarily, the queuing, the strain and the general overcrowding would disappear. The Registrar's staff would be able to work better under less harrying circumstances, and everyone would be much happier and the nerves less frayed. The January registration of veterans provides an excellent opportunity for a trial practice of this or some other revision of the presently overcrowded method.

I'm thinking of starting a fund to buy more of Hemmingway's books as a Christmas present for a good number of the professors and lecturers. It seems to me that for them the quarter to the hour bell never tolls.

## EDUCATION

The great voice of America does not come from the seats of learning. It comes in a murmur from the hills and woods and farms and factories and the mills, rolling and gaining volume until it comes to us from the homes of common men. Do these murmurs echo in the corridors of the universities? I have not heard them. The universities would make men forget their common origins, forget their universal sympathies, and join in a class—and no class can ever serve America. I have dedicated every power there is in me to bring the colleges that I have anything to do with to an absolutely democratic regeneration in spirit, and I shall not be satisfied until America shall know that the men in the colleges are saturated with the same thought, the same sympathy, that pulses through the whole great body politic.

—Woodrow Wilson.

Cupid is our little greatest enemy. —Holmes.

The price of wisdom is above rubies. —Quoted.

Great men are not always wise. —Quoted.

## OPUS ONE

By SEMURI

It seems to me that there must indeed be a source of justice, and an ironical source of justice at that, roaming at large in this world of ours. Perhaps it is not obvious to you, but listen.

A guttural order and a loud thumping on the door announced the arrival of the Gestapo. In a dimly lit room, in front of a dark, dank fireplace, sat an old man. He was a very tired old man who had lived all his life in Germany. His hair was white and thin, and his wan face tapered off into a long white beard. He gazed unseeing into the black, cold hearth. The battering at the door meant nothing to him, for it was not new; it was the same thing that had always been.

A few moments were his in which to reminisce, to think over the events that had scarred the last few years of his life. It is strange how events can crowd into a few moments and can summarize a life so clearly.

He was a Jew. This had been made clear to him since he was very young. At first he had been sneered at, or at worst, spit upon, so that he knew that he was a Jew. He wondered why people turned on those who differed from themselves, when venom was to be vented. What is there in the human mind, in the human heart, that makes small boys jeer at one of their fellows who has crippled legs or a twisted spine? What makes grown and "mature" nations turn with hatred and loathing on a minority? He wondered why he was so different from them. He wondered why he was hated.

The old man thought over the happenings that had engulfed him. A party of nationalists had arisen in Germany, their will was to make a world for Germans, for only Germans were fit to live, only Germans were fit to reproduce, only Germans were fit to rule.

A final crash awoke him from his reverie. He looked up. Towering over him a hulking bully stood. This was one of the master race. His face was red and bloated, piggy eyes looked out from folds of greasy flesh. He was strong, so he had right. He liked to do what he did, he didn't know why he did it or why he liked to do it. He was the germ of Nazism, a microbe of intolerance and sadism. He was the carrier of a foul disease. On his arm he wore the symbol of the rebirth of Germany, the crooked cross. The old one saw no more, for a blow crushed his face.

As he lay on the floor, he thought of the armband bearing the black swastika. It was etched in stone, embroidered on silk and burned on human bodies. It loomed before his eyes until they filled with blood, and then he saw no more.

In the window of a small shop in Edmonton, a Jewish shop, there is an armband, and on this band there is a black cross. It is the symbol of something that was and should not be again. And of the man who wore it? Who knows?

## -: COLLEGE QUIZZ :-

(1) ARE YOU A GOOD COMMUTER?

For Answers see Page 9

- The street car is ten minutes late on a cold morning. You should:
  - Loudly profane the name of the city.
  - Make love to an unsightly fellow sufferer—in order to pass the time.
  - Go back home to bed.
- It doesn't look as though the next car will stop. You should:
  - Push a small child across the tracks.
  - Light a bonfire on the curb.
  - Disengage the trolley as it passes.
- Twenty people try to board the next jam-packed car. You should:
  - Stand aside, and let the infirm and the women on first.
  - Force the back door.
  - Have stayed home.
- Inside, a two hundred pounder, gags you with his sleeve while massaging your best corn with his size 12's. You should:
  - Set fire to his coat.
  - Ask politely whether your ribs are bothering his elbows.
  - Pick his pockets.
- The car swerves and you land in a strange lap. You should:
  - Apologize to the owner.
  - Get up.
  - Stay there and later slip the motorman a buck.
- You realize that you've passed your stop. You should:
  - Demand that the street car back up.
  - Ask for a refund.
  - Look superior and go to the end of the line.
- You pass over the High Level Bridge for the first time. You should:
  - Scream, and bury your head in your hands.
  - Run from side to side to make the car jump the tracks.
  - Remain cool and calmly fasten your parachute.
- The bus pulls away from Steen's just as your car makes the hill. You should:
  - Shoot Mr. Billingsly.
  - Shoot Mr. Billingsly.
  - Shoot Mr. Billingsly.
- As you pass Tuck, you should:
  - Stop for a cup of coffee.
  - Just smell the aroma.
  - Brandish high your books and head for the cafeteria.
- You arrive at 8:10; there's a small notice on the door saying the lecture has been cancelled. You should:
  - Shoot the prof.
  - Go to another lecture.
  - Shoot Mr. Billingsly.

## From The Gateway's Mailbag

Editor, The Gateway:

Last Monday night my mother was taking me home from the show when we noticed a form lying on the sidewalk. Now, if you remember last Monday night, you will probably be struck with the same idea that hit me. Knowing of the housing difficulties and all that, I figured that maybe, after all, something really could be done about it, and I was all for rushing down to vote for Hamilton. It occurred to me that a Better Edmonton wouldn't be a bad idea anyway.

But my mother being, as all mothers are, constantly on the lookout for that sort of thing, spied a bottle sticking out of this fellow's mouth. At first that struck me as odd, but when you consider all the bottles shoved into people's mouths at one time or another, it's a wonder more of them don't stick there.

Concluding that this was just another fellow who got his yap clamped over the neck of Woodland's homogenized, I was all set to go home to bed, leaving the guy where he was. But mother, wishing to collect the deposit on the bottle, skipped over to his fallen body and rolled the guy on his back. Naively she asked him what was wrong; the boy didn't answer, chiefly because he had a couple of pounds of glass wedged under his tongue. Between us we finally managed to relieve him of his burden, plus seven teeth, until he was able to bring his jaws together, though still unable to speak. He rested a while, thanking us with dumb eyes for the assistance. Mother smiled gently, and asked again what the trouble was.

He said "Da-daga-ooooo." Mother said he was crazy, and he said yes, he knew it.

"How long have you been this way?" I asked the intriguing specimen.

"Just the last couple of weeks," was his answer.

"Why?" I asked.

Now this is where you come in, Mr. Editor, and you should be ashamed of yourself.

"Because," he said.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Fine thanks," he replied.

"I don't know," I said.

"Pete," he replied.

"No trouble at all," I said.

"Roger," he said.

"I thought you said Pete," I said.

"You, too?" he asked.

You can see that no one was carrying the ball very far this trip.

"How old are you?"

"Roger."

"Well, look, Roger, what's biting you?"

"It."

"What's it?"

"I just can't, and he expects me to do it twice a week."

"What?"

"That's right. No kiddin'. Nobody will do any."

"Do any what?"

"Stuff."

"Oh."

"You know?"

"No."

"COPY."

"Why, I wouldn't think of such a thing. It's cheating."

"No, no. Write."

"What for?"

"Nothing, gratis, fun."

"I don't get it."

"That's just it, I don't either."

## confucion

Or Gems of Wisdom

He who joy would win must share it, Happiness was born a twin.

Earth was a desert and a wild, Man was a savage 'til woman smiled.

Our doubts are traitors, And make us lose the good we oft might win,

By fearing to attempt. The higher we are placed the more humbly should we walk.

A kiss is a source of procedure cunningly devised for mutual stoppage of speech at a moment when words are superfluous.

If he earns your praise bestow it, If you like him, let him know it, Let the word of true encouragement be said.

Do not wait till life is over, And he is underneath the clover, For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

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## ARE WOMEN MORE INTELLIGENT THAN MEN?

### Man Hunt

By The Killer

I expect most of you girls have your Joes completely subdued and resigned to their fates by now as far as the Waw-Waw weekend is concerned. You have undoubtedly used this technique in part at least, but for any Daisy who is planning a last minute catch, here are a few tips.

There are two approaches to the subject, the direct and the indirect. In the direct you merely choose your man from the hordes drifting by. You have undoubtedly had your eye on a luscious hunk of mankind for a month now, so here is your chance. Many of them are unsuspecting, but are apt to learn quickly, so don't waste any time. Nail them before someone else does.

The authorities were approached for assistance in the direct method, and as a result there has been an ambush camouflage laid across the campus. You might as well take advantage of this facility, girls, its purpose is evident. As the poor unsuspecting males file groggily across to eight o'clocks, what better chance could be offered to leap out and snag one. If he should elude your first grab, you will be in for some track practise. To be prepared for this eventuality, you can rent a pair of running shoes from a certain second year Ed. student, who has kindly offered here for the occasion. When you've caught him, grasp him with one hand and beat him with the other until he discloses his name and address. You may then gently inform him that you want to date him for the Waw-Waw weekend, and gradually relinquish your hold. If he remains conscious, warn him of the general hour at which you will call, and suggest that he be ready and waiting.

The indirect method of approach, invented by a Mr. Bell, has its disadvantages in that television has not been installed. It would be advisable to catch a glimpse of the Joe without his seeing you, as you may not have your best face on, or perhaps the curl is out of your hair at the moment. Do have your voice cultivated for the occasion, however. Assuming that you do not know him very well, that is, beyond name and height (name at least—who knows a man, period, who hasn't been nabbed by this time?), you should flatter him first. If he sounds like refusing, try gentle persuasion. If this doesn't work, don't scream yet, but just add hints of gentle retaliation, and if he still refuses, then scream. He'll probably be too dazed to offer any resistance if you rush over and collar him tres vite.

The whole idea is: just don't let him get away. Let's have no lag stags, and don't let the slick chicks be male misers.

By The Tiger

With my mind's eye on Waw-Waw Weekend just around the corner, I will answer with an emphatic Yes!—and what's more, I'll prove it.

As a fair test, let us turn our attention to that field of endless conflict, monogamous marriage. First, we must remove the romantic delusion that it is difficult to get married. All one need do is to glance about him to see that anyone physically capable of standing in front of a minister for fifteen minutes and whose mental equipment is sufficient to enable him to decide when to come out of the rain, is able to achieve the state of matrimony.

The fact that marriage exists at all pretty well clinches the argument in favor of women's superior intelligence. Anyone who has risen above the mental age of an idiot can see that it is plainly in man's best interest to avoid marriage as long as possible, and conversely, for a woman to obtain a husband as soon as possible. Thus, on this particular battleground, where the best interests of both sexes lead in opposite directions, I leave it for the jury to decide who is having their way.

What makes these facts so difficult to see is the infinite male capacity to sentimentalize his failures and to cover them under a purple haze of romance. This is only natural, I suppose; it is what the psychologists call a defence mechanism or an attempt on the part of the male to explain away this horrible compromise with his best interests. Generally speaking, it goes something like this. The male will be surrounded by a group of his unmarried friends who will, of course, be the only ones congratulating him. It is at this stage that he coyly admits that the woman of "his choice" has fallen in love with him. By this he hopes to, and usually does, convey to his listeners the preposterous doctrine that a fully intellectually developed woman, possessing all the marvellous faculties that Nature gives to her, and who at present is engaged in the most deadly and serious undertaking in her life, i.e., obtaining a husband, has suddenly succumbed to a passion that has swept over her unawares and left her powerless in the face of it all. It is at this stage that to my never-ceasing wonderment the poor idiot accepts at face value such statements as "This thing is bigger than both of us," and "You're the only decent thing in my life."

By this impossible theory, the defeat and enslavement of the man is made glorious, and even touched with a suggestion of flattering naughtiness. Though he would never admit it, he firmly believes that the fair maiden has been overcome by the sheer horsepower of his wooing, and has given him the green light to do as he will with her. Thus do these ridiculous images of God take up their shackles proudly, and with their boastful shouts, cloud the scene for all but the keenest male minds and, of course, other women. All of which brings me to my

final point that none of this will be new to my female readers. Small indeed are the numbers of them who are intellectually worthy of the name of woman who acquire their mates by the process known as falling in love. However, I am prepared to admit that as soon as a woman notices in a man the ofish smirks and eye rollings that are the male symptoms of that form of intellectual disaster known as falling in love, she is quite justified in unbending a little, and along with the man will probably indulge in the luxury of a mawkish sentiment or two. To the trained observer, this is a sign of the cessation of hostilities, the male has formally avowed the delusion of his never-ending love, and in doing so has cut off his retreat, assuming that he is an average male. Once again, man has devised another unique theory for the belated commitment of the female.

The general basis of this hypothesis, which of course has no more basis in fact than the one earlier stated, is the ridiculous excuse that the avowal of love of the male is necessary to start a like flame in the woman, which it must be admitted in the light of the above facts is certainly true, but as I have tried to point out, for an entirely different reason than the one popularly accepted. A woman cannot afford to be swayed by emotion while the vital issue is still in doubt, too many men have got away because women have cracked up before the gate is down. Besides, she would be held up for ridicule by her sisters if she gave way in the stretch.

I might add here that it is decidedly unfair of men to complain about women's lack of honor in their treatment of men. I would like to see the average male display honor in a like situation. Men do not realize what a wonderful escape marriage is for women. Ipo facto, we do not expect a display of honor from an animal fighting for its very existence, the situation is no different, and we should no more look for fair play in our relations with the fair sex than we look for intelligence in freshmen engineers.

## RE: BREAKFAST

By Buck

Breakfast is the first meal of the day except when you don't eat it. The work breakfast comes from the old English words "break" and "fast", and means the breaking of your overnight hunger period. From investigation it seems that there are two types of this early morning sport, namely, "The Gulp and Gallop", and the philosophic, "So I'll Be Late".

Now, in the "Gulp and Gallop" you have all the best intentions in the world. The alarm jangles, but after opening one eye to ascertain the time, you resubmerge "for another five minutes". A terrible awakening, five past seven and an eight o'clock is scheduled. "Wow, where are my clothes?" A fierce tussle with assorted garments and a mad dash down the stairs to the kitchen. "Where is the bread? I've cut my toast!" Where are the bandages? The toast burns and the house fills up with smoke, and you caper wildly in the middle of the kitchen. By some miracle a badly scorched piece of bread has survived, and after being smeared with butter, it is consumed, while you hunt for your books. A hopeful look at the clock,

a flying start from the front porch and an exhausting dash to the carline ensues. Total breakfast: one piece of toast. To insure an adequate breakfast under this system, trade your soft mattress to a local yogi for a bed of nails.

The "Philosophic" or "So I'll Be Late" method used commonly on this campus in many variations, is pursued by those stout individuals who believe that breakfast is the mainstay of the day. They leap out of bed at the first alarm, wash and dress with great enthusiasm, and finally sit down to a whopping breakfast of oatmeal, bacon and eggs, toast, marmalade and coffee. At five minutes to nine they proceed at a leisurely pace in the general direction of the University. On arrival there, they enter the lecture chamber with the greatest of nonchalance, and with a sly, well-filled look at the prof, who probably is one of the toast-eaters, they slip into their seat with the silence and grace of an elephant entering a phone booth. The mere sight of this type brings roars to the stomachs of the lesser breed, without the breakfast.

## SKIPPING LECTURES

—WITH CLEMEN—

### HEARD ABOUT TOWN

In the reading-room, "I'm an Atheist, thank God." . . . In the grill-room, "I'm going to pull her blond hair out by its black roots!" . . . In the library, "The play fell flat on its face!" . . . At the El Morocco, "How do you like my new toupee?" "Marvellous—you can't tell it from a wig." . . . At the Tic Toc, "He says he's going to get the marriage annulled. Seems he's got proof her father had no license for the shot-gun!"

### SHORT OUTLINE OF MISINFORMATION

Possession by spirits means feeling like the devil . . . an oboe is an American tramp . . . a Soviet is a cloth used by waiters in hotels . . . a humorist is a writer who shows us the faults of human nature in such a way that we recognize our failings and smile—and our neighbours' and laugh . . . a wump is a bird that sits on a fence with its mug on one side and its wump on the other . . . ambiguity means telling the truth when you don't mean to.

### THOUGHTS WHILE SHAVING

For possible solutions to our housing problems at the universities, we might look south of the border, and see how they're tackling it. . . . Michigan has leased temporarily thirty-nine side-by-side two-family portable dwellings from the abandoned Willow Run housing project at the Willow Run bomber plant. The units will be transported to a site on the fringe of the campus, are completely furnished, and will rent for \$25 a month. . . . the Federal Housing Administration helped relieve the desperate situation at Pennsylvania State College by finding them ninety-three furnished trailers, which are expected to house some six hundred students.

### SOUTH OF THE BORDER

The American Dental Association's Council on Dental Education, national accrediting agency for the profession, has withdrawn its rating of Columbia University's School of Dental and Oral Surgery as a result of the recent merger of the institution's medical and dental faculties. . . . a Princeton student who interrupted his studies to enlist and was captured by the enemy was recently awarded a Bachelor of Arts degree after offering for his senior credits his prison reading. It included, during his fifteen months in a prison camp, 400 books, 134 of them text-books, including the Bible, which he read through twice.

### AIN'T IT THE TRUTH

"In the bright lexicon of youth," says the poet, "there is no such word as fail." But in the "Professor's Vade Mecum, or Lecturer's Guide," it is written in letters of blood . . . Out of peace, riches . . . out of riches, arrogance . . . out of arrogance, war . . . out of war, poverty . . . out of poverty, humiliation . . . out of humiliation, peace . . . and so on. . . . Money's honey, Sonny, and a Rich Man's life is always funny.

### AROUND THE GLOBE

There is a campaign afoot in the U.S. to raise \$4,000,000 to build a medical school (its first) on Mt. Scopus, in Jerusalem, Palestine. . . . Seventy students were killed or wounded in fighting between cadets of the Chin Ho Military Academy and professed members of the Communist 8th Route Army in China. . . . 350 Egyptian students left last week to attend American and European Universities. . . . Plans are proceeding for the early opening of a third university for Egypt . . . it will be open to any boy or girl over 16 for an entrance fee of 80 cents.

### I'M AN ARTSMAN, I'M AN ARTSMAN

Often wondered where that Engineer's yell originated . . . then came across this in a cheer roster of the old "Rooter's Club," published in The Daily some twenty-six years ago. . . . We are, we are, we are the R.V.C. . . . We do, we do, we do just as we please. . . . Drink tea, drink tea, drink tea and come with us. . . . We don't give a darn for any young man . . . who don't give a darn for us.

## Me Nuts Look Out

By

### Luna See

Nice night  
In June  
Stars shine  
Big moon  
On park  
On bench  
With girl  
In clinch  
Me say  
Me love  
She coo  
Like dove  
Me smart  
Me fast  
Never let  
Chance pass  
Me say  
O. K.  
Wedding bells  
Ring, ring  
Honeymoon  
Everything  
Settle down  
Happy man.

Another night  
In June  
Stars shine  
Big moon  
Ain't happy  
No more  
Carry baby  
Walk floor  
Wife mad  
She fuss  
Me mad  
Me cuss  
Life one  
Big spat  
Nagging wife  
Bawling brat  
Me realize  
At last  
Me too  
Darn fast.

## LETTER FROM GERMANY

(Continued from Page 3)

canned chicken and salmon, cocoa and such things. Unfortunately, we weren't getting very much. We are also supposed to be able to buy fresh vegetables, which we weren't getting at all, and eggs, which we still don't get regularly. The rations were very poor, and it was hard to serve attractive meals. However, Margaret went to work on the situation, and finally got some action. The cooks have also been a bit difficult, as they just have one thought—to get home. They weren't the least bit interested in anything. But that has also improved, as they finally moved the high point men and the atmosphere is much better. So we hope from now on that things will run smoothly, and I think they should.

There isn't much of interest to see in this part of Germany. Wilhelmshaven was very badly bombed, so there's nothing there to interest us except the officers' club, which is a nice place to go for dinner and to dance. I got down to Holland for a week-end recently, and thoroughly enjoyed it. Holland is really a beautiful country, and I hope to go again soon. I also hope to go to Paris on nine days' leave, maybe in November.

We have quite a number of Germans working in the hospital, mostly at fatigue jobs. They are very pleasant and agreeable, and can't do enough for us. There has been some trouble with them at all, and most of them are very good workers.

Well, Miss Patrick, this has turned out to be a lengthy note. There are so many things here that would interest you, but I'll save them until I get home and see you. I expect to be here six months, but time alone will tell about that.

I can imagine how busy you must be at the University with so many students this term. We are always interested in the Trail and the Chipmunk—it's nice to keep in touch with the University.

Yours sincerely,  
MARION AIKENHEAD,  
B.Sc. (H.Ec.) '36.

## SITTIN' IN WITH POP

One of the most disturbing bits of news for the season is the report that Bing Crosby is on the sick list, and has had to cancel the remainder of his 1945 shows in favor of a rest at his Nevada ranch. It's a cinch old K.M.H. won't be the same without him.

Speaking of radio programs, your poor old Pop is broken-hearted about Edmonton's lack of interest in swing music. Of course, when we chat together you're all for it, but just look at what you've done. I'm sure anyone with a spark of interest has heard about the program "Matinee in Swing," formerly a three-hour effort from the Barn ballroom. It was broadcasted for two hours over CICA, and the remaining hour was more sweet and swing for listening or dancing pleasure at the Barn. This all took place every Saturday afternoon from 1:30 to 4:30. Now due to lack of interest and enthusiasm this fine show has dwindled to a mere half-hour. It serves you right for your lack of appreciation, but I for one really miss it. It's also too bad that all the work and effort that went into it had to go to waste.

On to other things. The King Cole Trio's latest Canadian cut is "Hit that Jive Jack" and "That Ain't Right". Another favorite featured by this smart little combo and written by the King himself is "I'm a Shy Guy," something new in catchy tunes, backed by "I Thought You Ought to Know."

Speaking of "Catchy" lyrics and "tricky" tunes, it's "Tabby the Cat" that caught my ear.

For your information, in this space next week we are going to have our own Varsity Hit Parade. Tell us what you think of it. Till then, so long, cats.

## With Foil And Rapier

By A. Scott

Contrary to general belief, fencing was not the sport of knights. In the Round Table area, when every battling buckaroo galvanized himself into a cocoon of sheet iron, the technique was hack-as-hack-can. Only when gunpowder came into being and armor went into the closet with last year's bathing suit did the light but deadly rapier antiquate the cleaver-like type of sword. Lethal duelling gradually became a polite court pastime, and eventually evolved into the most scientific of sports. Now, because form and grace count so much, fens are turning to the foil.

As a practical means of direct self-defence, fencing is a useless accomplishment; but as a stepping-stone to agile, co-ordinated, quick thinking action, a necessity in any sport, to grace and poise, fencing is irreplaceable. Members will be interested to read what Paul Gallico, the famous professional sports writer from New York, wrote some time ago in Vogue. Mr. Gallico, who is a strenuous practitioner of all the sports he writes about, had this to say about fencing:

" . . . the average layman hasn't the slightest idea of the excitement of the sport; of the terrific tiring exercise it provides; of the sheer joy of the violent, personal-contact sport that calls for strength, speed, agility, courage, nerves and ingenuity, all the thrill of a good boxing bout and none of the pain."

"If the only personal-contact sport in which a skilled woman can give a man of equal skill all that he can handle. A man has no advantage over a girl, if anything he is handicapped, because a woman's natural deceitfulness comes in handy

## Around The Town

By DICK SHERBANIUK

A.D. 1945 marks the 150th anniversary of the Hudson's Bay Company in Edmonton. Consequently, this column herewith presents a few facts which may prove of interest.

In 1795 the original Edmonton House was constructed by the Hudson's Bay Company as a trading post. It was located near the competing North West Company's Fort Augustus, twenty miles down stream by the junction of the Sturgeon River with the North Saskatchewan. The fort was named in honor of the deputy-governor at that time, Sir James Winter Lake, who lived at Edmonton in Middlesex.

The fort consisted of four log buildings—the largest was the master's apartment and trading room, 60 feet long x 24 feet wide x 17 feet high; the men's house, which was 32x18x16; the "victual house"; and the blacksmith shop. These were surrounded by a log stockade.

So ruthless was the competition between the Hudson's Bay and North West Companies that the country around Edmonton House was soon depleted of its furs.

As a result, about 1802 the two forts were moved upstream to the present site of the city. Then for some reason they were moved away miles downstream near where Pakan, Alberta, now lies, and then subsequently were brought back here. By 1821, the two companies united, and Fort Augustus was abandoned. In the meantime, about 1807, the Blood Indians razed the site of the two original forts, but little else is known concerning the matter.

Edmonton House, or Fort Edmonton as it was later called, continued to thrive and become headquarters of the great Saskatchewan district of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1890 the first retail store was erected, a wooden frame building. In the early 1920's a brick store was set up on the present H.B.C. site, and additions were continually being made as Edmonton expanded. Only about thirty years ago, the last of the old fort buildings was torn down, and nothing remains to mark the spot where a city was born.

The present manager of Edmonton's H.B.C. is Mr. H. S. A. Johnson, who has occupied the position for two years.

In interviewing, Mr. A. S. Woolard, the store's advertising manager, I was shown some daguerreotypes and photographs of Jasper Avenue from past to present. In the middle of the last century, main street was a very wide expanse of dirt with the old building on either side, railings and poles set in the ground for the tethering of horsepower; it might best be described as a market square. The end of the century saw a narrowing of the street, sidewalks, more buildings; then came brick constructions, pavement, modernization as a whole, and in 1939 a gleaming white million dollar erection was completed.

The store is a fireproof building complete with modern sprinkler system, the main objective being the convenience and safety of customers. Incidentally, the public address system, which no doubt many of you have heard, has direct connection with both CICA and CFRN, so that any important news may be brought directly to customers. VE day and the war's end saw this feature utilized.

Since there is such a scarcity of clothing and materials, inquiry gleaned the fact that shipments of English goods, which were slowed to a trickle during wartime, are getting back to full swing and will soon be at

at foils. She makes a dangerous and a highly exciting opponent. The little fuzzy-headed darlings give you an angelic smile that completely disarms you—and then stab you.

"Protected though you are, the feel of steel in your hand and an opponent, similarly armed, eyeing you coldly and menacingly, has a thrill I have found in no other sport, and I have tried them all. I took up fencing at the ripe age of 37, and in six months was having more fun than I ever had at any game. It is the greatest mental relaxation at the end of a hard day's work that I know, because it requires such tremendous concentration that you can't think of anything else. . . ."

During the Olympics, fencers stand at swords' points with three types of weapons: light foils, only event in which women as well as men compete; long epees; and broad, slashing sabres.

An effort has been made to prevent an international incident from arising in the epee duels, most difficult to judge. Frequently an official can't be sure whether a blade point, which travels 50 times as fast as a tennis ball, touches an opponent or not; so now, each weapon will be equipped with an electric wire from handle to tip—when there's a contact, a bell rings. To simplify judging, a Southern Carolina college girl suggested an idea that, for a time, seemed like a solution—lipstick on the point of the blade. Touches showed up frequently. But the girls couldn't rub off the lipstick. Soon their white jackets were freckled with so many red dots that judges found it impossible to tell when a fresh touch had been scored.

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peacetime levels.

Mr. Woolard also mentioned that quite a number of Varsity students are employed by the Bay, and more will be needed for the Christmas rush. Hmmm!

Thus the Hudson's Bay Company, pioneer of the Canadian west, has witnessed in the last century and a half, the growth of Edmonton from a four-building fort to capital of our province, supporter of community effort, with a population of 112,000 and holding the position of the eighth largest city in Canada.

## Doap Declares Potential Profs Already Screwy

By N. E. Doap

There is nothing like changing faculties to get a broader outlook on life. It all came about when my curiosity led me to investigate rumors concerning two Education floats. On approaching the Education Building, I was caught in a sudden rush, and found myself acting as shock absorber for the little Sheasby girl, who apparently expected child prodigy Snowden to bounce her around a bit. To prevent any escapes or shirking of duty, the shock absorbers were securely bunched onto the chassis of the float with green and gold streamers. It was with great joy that we set out and with great effort that we stuck on.

As the units of the parade moved forward, Madame Oestreich gave her bustle a hitch, rang her bell for attention, and courageously attempted to lead a rendition of "Mary had a Little Lamb."

We survived with great effort and a few minor casualties the bombardment from the Aggies, the drips from the bridge and the dye from the crepe-paper.

By the time we reached Jasper, all our usual dignity and reserve had vanished, and with abandon we sang "We Are Crazy." Rolling down 95th Street everybody sang and cheered, but all I could muster were a few feeble croaks. For added merriment, the big muscular Farmers started to show off their strength by throwing ties around, but President Ronaghan tossed them aside.

As the parade progressed the friendship between the Aggies and Engineers became strained, and from my precarious perch I watched a couple of Engineers disrobe a vigorously protesting Aggie, while a squad of Farmers awaited Downie, who advanced wielding a weapon closely associated with the forty beer men.

At the Stadium I disentangled myself from the Education float, and happily re-joined my faculty with the strong conviction that to be Education you have to be "crazy".

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# U.B.C. Leads by Four Points in Football Series

## Bears Win Berth in Hardy Cup Final

### Bears To Find Tough Sledding On Capilano Field

By Tom Ford

Alberta's Golden Bears showed tremendous offensive power on the ground in their 13-0 victory over the Huskies at Clarke Stadium last week, and by virtue of their win they meet U.B.C. Thunderbirds in two games for the Hardy Cup Trophy at Vancouver this week. The boys left on their train trip last Sunday, and are the Birds' guests for this week.

In an interview with Coach Maury Van Vliet before his team entrained for Vancouver, this correspondent was able to pry several rather interesting facts from the usual close-mouthed maestro. Van Vliet, a notorious pessimist, wouldn't be quoted as calling his Bears a sure-fire bet to win the Hardy Cup; in fact, the most optimistic note we were able to glean on Alberta's chances was "it should be a hard battle."

Van Vliet has been worried about Alberta's weather, and the consequent lack of field practices on the part of the Bears for the past two weeks. "Snow has restricted our practices to a series of indoor scrimmages in the gym, and our timing may be off," Van Vliet said. "On the other hand, there has been no snow at Vancouver, and the Thunderbirds have undoubtedly been capitalizing on this fact with two-hour sessions every afternoon."

We ventured to tackle Van Vliet on the question of B.C.'s neat pro pass which worked to such good effect here a couple of weeks ago. The Thunderbirds completed 5 forward passes in 11 tries in that night game, and it was due almost entirely to their short pro pass across the line of scrimmage. "It's a hard play to stop," the popular maestro commented, but this observer noted a sly grin on his face which betrayed that he had a counter-weapon all worked out against this aerial attack.

The British Columbia players, in their game here, partly blamed that 12-0 drubbing the Bears handed them to the change in altitude. The visitors complained that they tired easily. Could be our Alberta boys will have the same trouble at Vancouver's sea-level atmosphere. Perhaps that was one reason Van Vliet shoved his squad off to B.C. early Sunday, so they might have a day or two to accustom themselves to the new altitude.

We've been checking through a few records, and it's interesting to note that in something like 10 years (we're not sure of the exact time), no visiting team at B.C. has won the first of the two-game series for the Hardy Cup, although in some cases, of course, the visitors have won the series in the end.

### Archery Club

The attention of all Archery Club members is drawn to the change in schedule, which goes into effect immediately. Meetings in the future will be held on Monday and Wednesday evenings from 7 p.m. to 8 p.m. in the Drill Hall.

Another important point to note is that anyone wishing to compete on a University team, in an archery tournament against an off-the-campus team, must have attended two-thirds of the meetings to be eligible.

To anyone who has not yet joined the Archery Club and would like to do so, we extend a hearty welcome. It is not too late to join, and with more equipment coming soon, there will be enough for a large number. All you need to do is to come, and we will teach you to hit the bull's eye.

### Freeze, Hajash and Ingram Star as Powerful Line Smashes Saskatoon Huskies for Big Yardage Gains and Series Victory

Saturday, November 3rd, the Golden Bears did it again. At Clarke Stadium they rolled over the Saskatchewan Huskies with a resounding 13-0 score to make it two straight over that team and three successive victories in the Intercollegiate series.

Riding a 14-5 defeat of the Huskies and a 12-0 shellacking of the U.B.C. Thunderbirds, the Bears never faltered as they outgassed, outblocked, outran the fighting U. of S. squad. Only bright spot in the efforts of the Huskies was the kicking of Bob Shore. Although he wasn't getting the length he did in the Husky Thunderbird clash, he nevertheless outkicked our Paddy Westcott throughout the first three quarters. In the fourth Billy Ingram laid his number 10's on to a couple of boots that were far above anything seen earlier in the game.

#### Alberta Travels on Ground

The fact that the Bears scored 17 first downs to 2 for the visitors just about shows the how of it. First major of the game came early in the second quarter after Bob Freeze had planted the pigskin on Huskies 5 yard line late in the first. Ingram cracked off tackle for the big 5 points. The convert was blocked.

The third quarter passed scoreless with neither team threatening. Then well on into the fourth canto Billy Ingram scored the sixth point in a beautiful 65 yard boot from midfield. Then a few plays later he repeated with another kick that rolled to the deadline. These were two of the longest kicks seen in these parts in quite a while. Bruce MacKay couldn't have done any better.

#### Bears Take to the Air

In the last part of the fourth the Bears went upstairs in no small way, and finally Mickey Hajash dropped the pellet into end Bert Hall's waiting arms for the second big score of the game. Hajash kicked the convert.

Husky standouts were Potts, Monaghan, Molnar, Shore, Onisko and McFadyen. The Husky line definitely didn't lack much, and the whole team certainly didn't lack fight. Working under a heavy point lead and behind the eight-ball in no small way, they never stopped trying. Coach Phillips has the foundation for a sound squad.

#### Timing of Team Off

On the whole, the Alberta team didn't play as good ball against Saskatchewan as against B.C. Lack of outdoor practice, due to snow, showed up as their timing was just a little off. Early winter can kill any good team even more effectively than can an opposing squad.

Carrying the pill for the green and gold football aggregation were Bob Freeze, never more elusive than last Saturday; Mickey Hajash, who insists on carrying the ball on his wrong arm; and Bill Ingram, a nifty booter in any league. Also showing in the backfield was quarterback, coit, swivel hips Nori Nishio, and Rick Hyslop. Rick, by the way, cracked a bone in his arm early in the game, but went back in there before he found out about it.

#### Green and Gold Line Good

The Golden Bears are a good team, and what makes them good is their line. A better line hasn't been seen in these parts in the last decade. Coach Van Vliet has moulded a front wall that could be a model for all.

### Assault-At-Arms Planned For Jan.

Training for the spring assault-at-arms is beginning on Tuesday under the coaching of Howard Fredeen, graduate Agriculture student, and Dick Kroening, third year Pharmacy. Wrestlers are urged to turn out Tuesday and Thursday at 4 p.m.

Tumbling will continue at the same time under the guidance of Bob Rutledge, with a view to a possible tumbling display at the assault-at-arms.

### Girls' Interfac.

Interest in a Girls' Intramural Basketball League appeared definitely lacking after last Monday's attempt at organization. Despite the efforts of Vera Hole, manager of woman's intramural basketball this year, only thirteen girls turned out, and only one faculty, Education, was able to put a complete team on the floor. This, at a meeting held for the formation of faculty teams.

Such lack of interest makes it exceptionally difficult for the league heads to organize a schedule of games which will give those who want it the opportunity to play basketball without spending the time required by the senior team. It is, therefore, felt that an urgent appeal should be made to all who can or would like to play intramural basketball.

Next meeting will be in Athabasca gym on Monday, Nov. 12, at 4:00 p.m. Provided a sufficient number of interested girls turn out, faculty teams will be chosen and league play, with points to go toward the Rose Bowl, emblematic of girls' intramural supremacy, commenced immediately.

future front men. They were the margin between victory and possible defeat.

Time after time Ken Nickerson, Art Follett, Jack Allen, Lloyd Miller and others on the line would be in fast to break up or hurry the opposing team's plays. At centre, Art Howard performed a flawless job of tossing back the pellet. One would go a long, long way to find a better snap back.

On the ends, Rae Sutherland, Murray Smith, and Bert Hall were performing like veterans of many a ball game. It is hard to give credit where due to the line because so often their play is overshadowed by that of the backfielders, but our Bears wouldn't be what they are if it wasn't for one of the best lines ever put together on this campus.

LINEUPS:  
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA — Ends, Sutherland, Smith; middles, Nickerson, Miller; insides, Allen, Follett; centre, Howard; fullback, Hajash; halfbacks, Ingram, Freeze, Westcott; quarterback, Perry; Subs: Kurlyo, Boyce, Mills, Saw-chuk, Gilchrist, Hyslop, Hall, Wiggins, Peacock, Nishio, Simpson.

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN — Ends, Molnar, Gardener; middles, Kemp, Ellard; insides, Monaghan, Fitzgerald; centre, J. Haver; fullback, Ward; halfbacks, Katz, Shore, Ross; quarterback, McKinnon; Subs: Ryan, Early, Rooney, Fockett, Onisko, McMillan, Lewis, Potts, Petuk, C. Haver, McFadyen, Marchant, Harvey, Larson.

Officials: R. Moon, J. Pyper.  
Summary:  
First quarter—No scoring.  
Second quarter—Alberta, touchdown (Ingram), 5 points.  
Third quarter—No scoring.  
Fourth quarter—Alberta, kick to deadline (Ingram), 1 point; Alberta, touchdown (Hall), 5 points; Alberta, convert (Hajash), 1 point.

### Senior Basketball

During the absence of M. Van Vliet, Del Steed is putting the U. of A. Golden Bears through their paces. With the addition of several freshmen to the squad, the team is something of a dark horse. However, they're going through their practice paces with plenty of verve and accuracy. Del figures they'll stack up nicely against the U.S. Clippers on Friday night.

The starting lineup Friday will be composed of Jim McRae and Don Steed as guards; Phil Proctor at centre, and Bill Hansen and Bill Price playing forward. The team will also carry Reed Payne, Eric Geddes, Gordon McCormack, Bob Struthers, Nori Nishio, Sammy Shecter, Eldon Edwards and Jack Reid. Del Steed figures to coach from the bench in this opening contest.

MacRae, Price and McCormack were members of the classy Victoria High School team of last season. Payne, Proctor and Don Steed are holdovers from the sensational Varsity aggregation of last season. Hansen, Struthers and Edwards last played their basketball in the armed services, and this trio really look good. Nori Nishio is better known as a Varsity backfielder, but looks like a comer on the basketball floor. Jack Reid played basketball with Olds School of Agriculture Aggies last season.

This first game against the U.S. Clippers will be played in the Drill Hall, commencing at 7:30 p.m. Friday, Nov. 9. The team warrants the support of every basketball minded fan at the U. of A. Don't let them down.

### Varsity Pandas

New plans have been made for the unveiling of the Edmonton Senior Women's Basketball League. On Thursday, Nov. 15, the University of Alberta Senior Pandas will mix it with the South Side team. Action is to start at 7:30 in Athabasca gym, with Mortons and Walk-Rites playing the second game of the double-header.

All games will be played on the Varsity floor, with the first tilt each Thursday evening scheduled for 7:30. Coach Tommy McClocklin of the Pandas will floor practically the same squad he coached last season. Eleanor Kryss, Sylvia Callaway, Vera Hole, June Causgrove, Olive Barnes, Dorothy Jones, Herta Moll, and Frances Stanley are all available to carry the Varsity colors.

Schedule until Christmas follows:  
Nov. 15—Varsity vs. South Side; Mortons vs. Walk-Rites.  
Nov. 22—Mortons vs. South Side; Walk-Rites vs. Varsity.  
Nov. 29—Walk-Rites vs. South Side; Varsity vs. Mortons.  
Dec. 6—Mortons vs. Walk-Rites; Varsity vs. South Side.  
Dec. 13—Varsity vs. Walk-Rites; Mortons vs. South Side.  
Dec. 20—Varsity vs. Mortons; Walk-Rites vs. South Side.

### DR. HAL RICHARDS

The Y.M.C.A. Toolers of the Edmonton Basketball League are to be coached by Dr. Hal Richards, a basketball-footballer of note at the University of Alberta a little under a dozen years ago.

### CURLERS, ATTENTION!

Lists for prospective curlers are still on the bulletin boards. At writing, 149 students had already signed up to wield the broom at the Granite Curling Club. Present plans call for two games a week between 4:30 and 6:00. An organizational meeting will be held shortly.

## In There Punching!

By Murray Stewart

The Golden Bears are still a great team. Whether they'll come back from the coast with the Hardy Trophy still in their possession will be decided on Saturday. Coach Van Vliet has built up a smoothly coached, hard-hitting squad with a fine backfield, and above all a superb line, for his backfield to operate behind. Good luck, Bears, in tomorrow's game against the University of British Columbia Thunderbirds; may you be victorious.

Plaudits are in order for the reception and program arranged for the Saskatchewan Huskies. After the time we gave the Thunderbirds, the change over was rather startling. We are sure that every one of the Huskies enjoyed this weekend at Alberta. What more could have been done for the boys, we don't know.

Main items on the program were a banquet at the Cafeteria on Saturday night, at which the respective coaches paid their respects to each other's teams; the House Dance, at which the Huskies howled with supplied dates; and an afternoon reception in Athabasca lounge on Sunday. Sunday evening the various fraternities took over to entertain the visitors. Mark up one for Alberta.

The Senior Pandas and Senior Golden Bears basketball squads have hit the floors. Your support is urged for all games. Strong teams are always backed by strong supporters. Watch the bulletin boards for game announcements.

### NOTICE

Any students interested in part-time work at the VARSITY RINK THIS WINTER, please leave name, address and telephone number at the Students' Union Office, or contact MIKE BEVAN at Varsity Rink.

## Clarkson Churns Turf of B.C. Stadium As Thunderbirds Score 19-3 Victory

Wednesday night the University of British Columbia Thunderbirds welcomed the University of Alberta Golden Bears—and how! An outplayed Bears aggregation was soundly trounced 19-3 by a renovated Thunderbird team that thus took over a 4-point lead in the three-game total-point series.

Before a crowd of about 2,000 shivering students Halfback Reg Clarkson ran wild to score big yardage gains against a far from effective Golden Bear club. Clarkson, who weighs in at

170, supplied most of the punch in the B.C. backfield. His punts ran to an average of 41 yards, while those of opposing booters, Westcott and Ingram, average out at 32 yards.

#### Alberta Not Outfought

Definitely outplayed by a coast team that seemed to enjoy the cool weather, the Bears nevertheless were certainly not outfought. The line that did so well in previous games didn't seem to be able to open up those holes properly, but they never stopped trying. Nickerson, Follett, Howard and the others were in there fighting every inch of the way.

Alberta's backfield never did seem to get untracked, their timing was definitely off, and their blocking lacked the precision that it showed earlier in the season. A few good practices should, however, go a long way toward remedying this situation.

#### Final Game Saturday

Wednesday's game was carried by CKMO and local CKUA through the co-operation of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Students' Union, and The Gateway. Commentator was Frank Quigley. The next game is on Saturday 3:30 p.m. (our time), and will also be carried over CKUA (without election result interruptions we hope). Into Saturday's tussle the U.B.C. Thunderbirds will carry a 4-point margin.

The home team kicked off to Alberta as Wilson rested the ball on the slippery Capilano Stadium turf for Kolinsky's blow. Punt exchanges were made with the Birds gradually forcing their way deep into Bear territory. Then Clarkson set the stage for the first major by means of an outside kick that carried the B.C. squad to the green and gold 5 yard line.

#### Guman Scores Major

Fullback Guman smashed straight through the centre of a far from solid Bear line to hit paydirt for the first big five points. Clarkson's convert made the score 6-0 for the locals.

Later in the first quarter the Thunderbirds cracked through to the Alberta 18 and threw a touchdown pass that was just fumbled. At this point the quarter ended, but on the next play friend Guman crashed through for his second major score. Clarkson missed the convert try, to leave the score at 11-0.

#### Hajash Scores Goal

Well on in the second canto the Bears worked up to the Birds 20 from whence Ingram held the ball as Hajash split the uprigths for Alberta's 3 points of the game. Late in this quarter Clarkson booted the pill deep into Alberta's end zone for 1 point, making the score 12-3.

On the last play of the first half Artie Howard jumped in to block a kick, recover the pill and race 40 yards, only to be taken from behind on the Bird 10 yard line. So close, yet so far.

#### Third Quarter

The third quarter had hardly gotten under way before Clarkson dropped another punt into the Bear backyard for another point. Score 13-3 for the U.B.C. Thunderbirds. At the change, the coast ball handlers were camped on the prairie 35.

Midway into the fourth Clarkson and Guman boomed off a couple of long gains to place the ball on U. of A's 6 yard line. A right end run then carried Clarkson over the big strip. His convert was also good for the last point of the game. The game ended at midfield with the score standing at 19-3 for the U.B.C. Thunderbirds.

### M.A.B. Meeting

A week ago today (Friday) the Men's Athletic Board met in the Senate Chamber to discuss pertinent facts with regard to campus athletics.

Most important point covered was with regard to University students playing in overtime leagues. After a lengthy discussion, the Board passed a rule that no student could play overtime as long as a Varsity team was offered in the same sport. However, if the coach of any Varsity team does not require the services of the athlete, he or she may re-apply for the Board's permission to play outside the University.

#### Basketball Coach Needed

A coaching problem was discussed with regard to the junior Golden Bear basketball squad. This team has no coach at present, and anyone wishing to take on the position is urged to do so.

A new intramural athletic setup was also discussed. Under this setup a minimum of 16 teams would compete in any male sport, with the teams representing much smaller groups of students than under the present system of interfaculty sports. Fraternities, residences, etc., would each enter a team. Final decision on setting up such a scheme will not be made until after Christmas. Next M.A.B. meeting will be early in December.

### Coach Appointed

Newly appointed coach of the Senior Golden Bear hockey squad is Andy (Shorts) Purcell. This fact was announced Wednesday by Barss Dimock, president of hockey. Shorts is a senior hockey player who showed considerable skill not so many years back in local circles. He is also former city tennis champion. As successor to Stan Moher, Andy Purcell, highly recommended by Stan, takes over in the first year of the revival of Intervarsity hockey. It will be his tough job to rebuild the hockey team to the heights it had reached in pre-war years.

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